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Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 3, 1979

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VOL. 92 NO. 36

A super-6 kid

While Superman will not likely go down in any film annals, the 19-year-old creator, Christopher Reeve, is destined to make an impression on the celluloid industry someday. **Page 14**

The numbers game

Rating women on a scale of one to 10 may be a sexist, sexist exercise, but it didn't stop middle-aged Hollywood from giving numerical dress-up to Denis: a perfect score. **Page 18**

COVER STORY

The Honorable Flora

Calculated almost overnight into the intricate realm of foreign affairs with the Top Ambassadorial post and the Tarek summit, Flora MacDonald is demonstrating her proficiency in diplomacy with a \$200-million budget and 5,000 employees at her command, Canada's first woman external affairs minister may regain the nation's once glorious position as the global "hospital for" **Page 17**

A week on the brink

Outgoing U.S. ambassador to the UN the great Andrew Young, fixed one last salvo at both Russia and Arab, leaving his country in an awkward diplomatic bind. **Page 32**

A good kick in the grass

Professional soccer, new the world's most popular spectator sport, has survived a lengthy, turbulent and is finally taking root among North America's game enthusiasts. **Page 36**

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Editorial

How External can use Flora's courage, moral sensitivity and plain good sense

By Peter C Newman

Roy MacGregor's masterful profile of Flora MacDonald (page 17) portrays her as a paradox. Our secretary of state for external affairs is an admirable, energetic new presence on the Canadian political scene. Yet in her new portfolio she seems possessed of few defensible ideals, policies or even a sense of direction. Seldom if ever before has an administration moved into power with so few preconceived notions about our role in the world. (The only firm election promise Joe Clark made—to move our embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem—has sadly been relegated to the back of Robert Stanfield's mind.) Even during their days in Opposition, the Conservatives' only memorable disagreement with the Liberal government's conduct of our external relations came in 1976 over how best to label the Taiwanese team at the Montreal Olympics.

Flora, as she's known to everyone who ever shared a cup of coffee with her, is one of those rare politicians who manages, without giving up any of her partisan principles, to draw respect from every corner of the Commons. In the course of fighting off election campaigns in a wide spectrum of capacities and circumstances, she has grown to know every corner of this country and feel for its aspirations. She derives genu-

ine pride out of politics and believes herself fated to influence beneficially the course of Canadian history.

Flora moves into her exalted portfolio with a glowing reputation. Her courage, moral sensitivity and plain good sense equip her better than anyone else since Lester Pearson to carry an instinct for political pragmatism with a raging sense of idealism and come up with some badly needed new external initiatives.

Nothing is more important than to provide our diplomats abroad—and we have some of the best ambassadors in the business—with a sense of priorities and direction. So far, the new government has merely demonstrated its ability to discard the briefings of its senior civil servants. It isn't enough.

At its best, Canadian foreign policy has never been a partisan issue. History seldom evolves as an orderly progression of events tailored to fit party platforms. The world turns in an accumulation of tumbling paradoxes, anything can happen and nothing is foreseeable. Those who manage our foreign policy live in a province of infinite contingencies that no doctrine can encompass and no grand design can subjugate.

Still, it's the only world we've got and Canada's geographic, economic and political realities urge us for a far more active participation in the diplomatic manoeuvres that can help cool off some of the world's existing and potential hot spots.

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Maclean's

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Joe and Claude—if the rumors are right, there could be a marriage of convenience

During a two-hour private meeting last week, René Lévesque praised Joe Clark for the improved state of his tattered French. A day later, though, Clark's guise in Quebec was less symbolic, as his government agreed to permit the use of French in the law books throughout Quebec (see page 38). Beyond the decision, taken only a week after the presentation of a government support approving the use of French as well as English by air controllers, was the cabinet's determination to press quickly to Quebecers that the Conservatives can be as sensitive to national unity flashpoints as the Liberals. Yet to be determined is Clark's personal role and the attitude that his government will take during the referendum campaign. That will be a major agenda item this week at sessions of the inner cabinet in Jasper, Alberta.

The word from inside is that the cabinet has ruled out a hands-off approach because it would be incompatible for the prime minister not to respond to Lévesque. If he did not respond it could allow Pierre Trudeau to emerge, solo, with the federalist banner. An all-out assault against the referendum, even if the Conservatives could mount one, is also ruled out since Ottawa might then be seen as an alien force usurping its Quebec's aspirations. With only two Conservative MPs in Quebec and a mere handful of French-speaking cabinet ministers, Clark appears to be leaning toward a middle course, the key element

of which is enthusiastic backing for Claude Ryan, the Quebec Liberal leader. Clark reasons that he can play a role in convincing English speakers, seven of them Tories, to support the kind of institutional and constitutional change that Ryan advocates, giving federalism a fresh face.

Clark and companions, notably cabinet secretary Marcel Masse and communications adviser André Payette, are debating what to do about Ottawa's sprawling "national unity establishment." The Conservatives are

Roberts, Canada's next man in London?



Clark with Ryan: party lines may dissolve

leaky about retaining advisers whom they identify with Pierre Trudeau, at a time when they are attempting to appear more flexible with the provinces. The bureaucrats, in turn, are trying to convince the government that they presented all options to the old government, but that Trudeau and his justice minister, Marc Lalonde, needed to opt for the hard line. A key indicator of which side prevails will be the fate of Gordon Robertson, 68, head of federal-provincial relations in the cabinet office and, for 24 years, a dedicated adviser to six prime ministers. Also under review is the future of Paul Tellier, 40, an energetic and well-connected Quebecer appointed by Trudeau as co-ordinator of a special unit that works in French on referendum strategies. Both men could be shifted and the national unity information office, with a reputation for \$40,000-a-year people, is likely to be disbanded. "If I worked there," says a government adviser, "I'd be looking for a job."

Unemployed persons showing at least a fringe of Tory lean can apply to Jean Piquit, the defeated MP who is now Clark's adviser on senior appointments. The shrewdest leakey executive landed into Clark's office vowing to oversee the installation of a kitchen from which also would serve meals for the PM and visiting dignitaries. Instead, Piquit is working under Clark's direction to draw up lists of candidates for hundreds of positions. In response to criticism that his government has been taken over by bureaucrats, Clark last week installed five new deputy ministers, including Bank of Montreal executive Grant Reader in the sensitive finance department. Lowell Murray, Clark's chief political adviser, is headed for the Senate to fill a vacancy in Ontario. One of the biggest plans is the job of high commissioner in London, which is being vacated by Paul Martin. The short list of possible successors included former trade minister George Hies and Ross Campbell, former chairman of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. and a senior civil servant under then Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. Running effortlessly up the inside of the track, however, is none other than John P. Roberts, former premier of Ontario. In all, the appointments certificate one of Clark's more pleasant undertakings, after the party's 15-year run in political wilderness. Piquit was chosen. The time has come for an equal opportunity office for Conservatives. —Robert Lewis

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4. Cheddar. A traditional family favourite, white or orange cheddar makes an ideal snack with your favourite fruits such as apples or pears.



Dairy Bureau of Canada

Pioneer echoes on a river of change

By 6:00 p.m. the eager performers are already gathering, fully 1½ hours before the concert's start. Among them is tall Jacob McMath, 31, from nearby Chatham Head. "I've been sick for five weeks," he declares, "but I wanted to come down tonight." Inside the small theatre informality is the rule, as musicians rehearse on stage and in a downstairs backstage as the concert begins a small whoosh or sizzle up the river nearby.

The softlaid and the laid-back atmosphere surprise nobody, for this is Miramichi, land of lumbering, salmon fishing, and—once upon a time—wooden shipbuilding. But more than that, Miramichi is a palpable state of mind for the inhabitants of this broad New Brunswick river valley, and nothing commemorates this better than the Miramichi Folk Song Festival in Newmarket, New Brunswick. Set as this year's three-day festival began in July the theme song could well have been Bob Dylan's *The Times They Are A-Changin'*; for the old songs are passing with the older generations, and a new

Middleton (below): the best hope for the old ways is to teach them to the young



musical tradition is threatening to take its place.

Some of the original Miramichi songs were imported from Scotland, Ireland and England, while others were made up on the spot to describe local disasters, drownings, murders and other fables and strengths of common men. The heyday of this tradition was the latter part of the 19th century and the first two decades of the 20th. But it wasn't until 1947 that local boy Max Altem, who later found fame as Lord Beaverbrook, suggested to New Brunswick his cousin Louise Mandy "Why don't you go out and collect New Brunswick folk-songs?" and you a fine recording machine.

Mandy's project stirred up interest, and a decade later the first Miramichi Folk Song Festival was held. The event has been an annual showcase of folk-songs ever since. But this year's version was a reminder of how quickly this bit of Canada's folk culture is fading into history. Many of the oldtimers who used to come from miles around to sing are gone now. Others were too ill to perform this year. To be sure, Wilmet MacDonald of Black River was still there, opening the festival with The Lumber-

man's Alphabet: "A for the axe, and that means all kinds of things that can use them also..." But even he admits: "The reason I sing, and there's not too much left."

What this means to the festival is an increasing influx of younger singers more inclined toward modern, albeit still homespun, ballads, and not everybody approves. An even more serious threat to the purists is the incursion of the guitar, an instrument unknown to the old woodworkers in their lumber camps. James Wilson, a Rutgers University music professor who grew up on the Miramichi, notes that singing without accompaniment—the rule in the past—allowed the singers a wide range of pitch for expressing wildly every manner of their songs. That freedom is suggested by the constant beat of a guitar, says Wilson, and as a result the singer can no longer effect "those very subtle embellishments."

The situation has created a dilemma for the festival's organizers—they must either welcome the newcomers with their guitars and contemporary poems to the Miramichi or watch the event pass out of existence through attrition. The best hope for preserving the old songs is to teach them to young people, says organizer Henry Mitchell, and indeed some younger singers seem anxious. When they came to the festival three years ago, says Sandy Hogan, leader of Moncton's Donagel Tweed group, it was simply to enjoy it. But now, he says, "We've realized that somebody should learn the old songs and carry on." So this year Hogan masterfully tucked several lines of the tongue-twisting *The Jam on Gerry's Rock* and promised "the rest of it next year."

Meanwhile, the festival retains enough color and atmosphere to hint strongly at the unique grounds in the deep forest. When Wilmet MacDonald ends his song with the traditional "whoop," the knowledgeable audience erupts in applause. Eighty-five-year-old Frank Ester has to be helped to the stage, but he sings with a strong, clear voice, now and then a few pop-corners get up to accompany the fiddlers on stage.

Now the folk festival will sort itself out, nobody knows. But then the folks around Miramichi are used to vague endings, as the last lines of the Lumberman's Alphabet reveal:

W is for the woods we leave on the spring.

And now I have sung all I'm going to sing, and how merry we are.

The last three letters I can't make them rhyme.

If you can, please tell me in June, and how merry I'll be.

David Parker

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Hawk in search of a perch

By Len Urquhart

John Bowden Connally leans his six-foot, two-inch frame over the lectern and fans his eyes, yet in a permanent squint, on the audience of Orange County, California, businessmen America, Connally says, with his right fist slamming into his left palm to emphasize the point, is entering a "decade of danger." It is a being pushed around by Africa, the Soviet Union, the Japanese, and just about everybody else. And things are going to get worse instead of better unless somebody turns the country around. Connally, as a presidential candidate, is offering himself for the job, but he is also asking the businessmen for help. "You're the subscribers of a great legacy of courage and vision in this nation," he tells them. "It is enough that you just enjoy the fruits of the fruits of freedom? Or are you willing to plow back something in order to plant new seeds in the orchards of freedom so that your children and their children might also one day have the right to dinner?"

His audience—a blue-chip crowd of about 680 wealthy leaders David Eisenhower as well as a roster of prominent West Coast businessmen—brought to its feet cheering by Connally's rhetorical question, afterward many echo in his campaign. Then their man, a former secretary of the treasury under Richard Nixon, secretary of the navy under John Kennedy, recipient of a bullet from Lee Harvey Oswald's rifle while governor of Texas, and later to Lyndon Johnson, naval officer, oilman, broadcaster, lawyer and rancher. With his Texas drawl, his speech littered with "y'all," his right-wing rhetoric, his 50,000-acre ranch, and his shifting allegiances, he switched from the Democrats to the Republicans in 1972. Connally is a sort of American Jack Horner. But there is a big difference. Unlike Horner, who made a hapless run for the Conservative leadership in 1975, Connally has a real chance of winning the Republican nomination next summer and of becoming the next president of the United States.

For Canadians, and the rest of the world, that could be bad news. Connally



PORTRAIT

is, above all, a pragmatist, a modern-day Teddy Roosevelt who would speak loudly as well as carry a big stick. At the Canadian embassy in Washington, Connally is still remembered as the treasury secretary who slapped a 10-per-cent surcharge on all imports and then refused to exempt Canada despite strenuous pleas for special consideration. Today he is advertising a Canadian-U.S. Mexico common market for energy. He tells his audience that Canada has oil, gas, tar sands, coal and uranium, and holds out the hope that more of these resources would be available to the U.S. under his proposed common market. He is not deterred by the fact that Canada is committed to a policy of energy self-sufficiency and might not have any surplus energy to sell to the U.S. Why, then, would Canada want to join an energy common market? "You can start with the fact that about 70 per cent of your exports come to this country," Connally told Muskogee. "In that threat to curb those exports, as he did in 1971, if Canada won't play ball," he said, "so, I'm just saying we have a sympathy of interest." Beyond that, he would not elaborate.

Connally campaigning: his America won't be pulled around anymore

While Connally's designs on Canadian resources are vague, his plans for the rest of the world are clear. Vows the 60-year-old Texan: "We're not going to be abused, run over, or taken advantage of anymore." He says he will simply deny access to the American market to countries that are not "fair" to U.S. goods. Japan is singled out as a country that has been unfair. Connally would tell the Japanese to wipe out their huge trade surplus with the U.S. in just 12 months—or else. "You'd better be prepared to sit in your Toyota on the docks of Yokohama, eating your own massive surplus and watching your own television sets," he booms if.

In addition to his hard line on the trade front, there are hints that Connally sees for the U.S. a return to its role as the world's policeman, abandoned after the Vietnam War. "The United States has to be the defender of freedom and the advocate of freedom wherever we go in the world," he told the Orange County businessmen. Connally's definition of freedom is quite

narrow, even the British do not measure up to it. "We like to think of them [the British] as a free society," Connally told a group of American broadcasters this summer shortly after his Orange County speech. "But they don't have the broadest industry that we have. It's all government-owned," he said, giving new life to an old misconception. "We're one of the few countries in the world where we have this kind of ability to speak as we choose, to say what we like, to take positions that reflect our own attitudes, our own biases, our own prejudices."

But while Connally may worry foreign observers of his campaign, he is waving American, many of whom yearn for another Teddy Roosevelt. In Connally's own analysis, Americans think we've been a pawnshop for other nations. They'd like to see the United States' interests more seriously guarded and more aggressively pursued. "Connally certainly fills that bill."

The man he most fears for the Republican nomination is Ronald Reagan, the runner-up (in Gerald R. Ford) in 1966. A former governor of California and Nixon's vice, Reagan has been running for president, off and on, for 10 years. He is an arch-conservative and, with the country swinging to the right, the feeling is general that this is his time for the Republican nomination, if not the presidency.

Connally is cutting into Reagan's base of support, however. The incursions were evident during a week-long swing through Reagan's home state of California in July. There, he did not tackle Reagan on the issues but pointed instead to his own experience in Washington (Reagan has had none) and famil-

iarly with the issues (defense, energy, inflation). He did not have to point out, because his audience were already aware of the fact, that he is also six years younger than Reagan.

But Connally carries with him, as well, a lot of baggage that may, in the end, weigh him. He has vetted parties (Connally likes to point out that Winston Churchill and Reagan also switched). He is associated, in the public mind, with Nixon, and indeed, still keeps in touch with the disgraced president he once served. "I built by association," grows Connally. He was indicted in 1974 for taking a bribe from oil-field farmers seeking an increase in federal price supports (Connally notes he was acquitted by a jury made up of 10 blacks and two whites in the District of Columbia, which noted overwhelmingly against Nixon in the 1972 election). He is a millionaire in a country where great wealth arouses suspicion (Connally prefers to talk about his poor background as the son of a street farmer). And he has links, through his business dealings, with the Arabs, who are about as popular in the U.S. as the British were during the Boston Tea Party. (Says Connally: "By and large, I think people of this nation will feel comfortable in knowing that I understand the mutual problems in our relations with the Middle East.")

Connally's North Dakota's Democratic Senator George McGovern: "I wouldn't trust Connally within a mile of the White House. He combines the worst of both Watergate and Vietnam. Here the perfect symbol of the double-talking, double-crossing politician. He doesn't know what party he belongs to. The fact that Connally never

went to jail along with the rest of the Watergate men is positive proof that Ed Williams [Connally's attorney] is the best criminal lawyer in the country."

Connally has trouble with the issue as well as his image. He is on the wrong side, politically, of two major issues in the U.S. today: nuclear power and oil-company profits. Since the breakdown at the Three Mile Island plant in Pennsylvania, most American politicians have called for a more careful approach to nuclear power if not an outright ban on new plant construction. But Connally has advocated a speed-up in development of nuclear plants. Oil-company profits have also become a target for American politicians, notably President Jimmy Carter, with some companies reporting profits way up this year. Carter has proposed a windfall profits tax on the companies and has considerable public support for the measure. But Connally, who made much of his fortune indirectly from the oil business, has defended the companies and opposed the tax.

Connally is fatalistic about the reactions of his rivals. "I'm going to talk about the problems of America," he says. "If that doesn't sell, then I'm not going to sell." He says Americans want their president to lead and to take unpopular positions, and seems confident that he won't as "poll-watcher." If his reading of the public's mood is correct, the world may be in for his toughest ride from America since Teddy Roosevelt led the charge up San Juan Hill. □

President Kennedy, Jacqueline and John F. Kennedy in the White House. Connally is in the foreground, smiling.





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of circumstances that were simply unpredictable.

The rising prices and world-wide shortages of oil resulted in an economic slowdown. This, and energy conservation, were two of the factors that left a short term surplus of electricity.

However, reports of a "surplus" of around 45% are a distortion. It is essential for major utilities to maintain a reserve capacity above peak demands to allow for maintenance and to meet emergencies. Taking into account Hydro's 25% reserve, it leaves an actual surplus of approximately 20 per cent. In fact, the

surplus has allowed the use of more efficient generating units which are cheaper to fuel. It has also earned revenue from power exports.

Rising costs, the effect of conservation and the slow growth of the economy has made it necessary for Hydro to review its plans for expansion into the eighties.

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Organizer Michaels says dancers stage battles as livelihood and the law

don't seem to realize we're not where, we're professional dancers."

In Toronto, the strip circuit is a matter of 256 "Girls, Girls, Girls" clubs. Like many performers, strippers go where the work is, with an average stay of one week in each club. In the industrial belts of the suburbs, workers drop into the bars for a beer at lunch or after work, downtown, the shifts run from noon until the clubs close.

Across Canada, strippers find the law—Section 170 of the Criminal Code, which defines a male person as one "who is so clad as to offend against public decency"—interpreted in many ways. In some provinces, including Quebec and B.C., dancers can get away with complete nudity. In others, Ontario for instance, it's tougher.

This summer two Toronto women, charged after removing their garters, were acquitted when the Crown could not find any witnesses to testify that they were offended. But for another 34 Toronto strippers awaiting trial on charges laid during the past year, there is still the possibility of a six-month jail term or a maximum \$500 fine.

While the dancers take the legal heat, what is the club owner was brought up on a charge last year relating to an employer's quality. Managers who counsel to commit an illegal act can be charged on the basis of a complaint by a dancer, but because the charge is difficult to prove, many women simply don't bother. "There is definitely an injustice here," says Margaret Campbell, a Liberal member of the Ontario legislature and a strong dance supporter. "These women are caught between their livelihood and the law. It's all too easy for the police to clamp down on them."

The 75 members of CAAE want the law reassessed. But more than that, they want protection to do their job legally and safely. They need clout and they look to the 2.3-million-member CUC to give it to them.

"These people are definitely being exploited by managers," says Edward Wright, the CUC's Ontario representative. "They work in unsanitary conditions, they're underpaid and often sexually harassed. It's an unusual group, but that shouldn't exclude them."

For Dianne Michaels, CAAE so far has made things worse, not better: club managers have branded her a troublemaker and are refusing to hire her. But for the time being, at least, she'll stick with it. "The business is a mess. What other hope do we have of dancing in it?"

Constance Brinkman

Strippers of the world, unite!

Why am I a stripper? The role of Dianne Michaels could hardly be called a living and not starving. Michaels, one of more than 2,800 Canadians taking it off for money, strips for what she considers an obvious reason—to survive. Her family broke up when she was young, she left home at 12, and at 15, with a little dance training, she joined the business. But the question, with its connotations of "what's a nice girl like you" still makes.

After six years as a stripper, working from Quebec City to Vancouver, Michaels takes a professional pride in her work, and since March the 25-year-old has held another, unpaid job—as president of the fledgling Canadian Association of Burlesque Entrepreneurs (CAAE). The strippers are organizing.

Michaels' activities in the group, which has just submitted an application to affiliate with the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC), have ripped away any illusions she still had about her work. She has learned too much, she says,

about how society relates to strippers: the employers with roving hands who demand total nudity—even if it means trouble with the police—as a condition of employment, the hot, bright stage lights that give dancers second-degree burns, the cramped dressing rooms and the men who try to break in.

There was a day when burlesque had a slightly more respectable image. Twenty-seven-year-old Zella Search (like "Dianne Michaels," a pseudonym) considers a trip to Toronto's Victoria burlesque theatre as a child. "I looked at the stage and thought—how do they create that magic?" Years later she stripped on the Victory's stage herself, today she works in strip clubs and bars across the country.

Search joined CAAE after a Hamilton, Ontario, club owner refused to help her when a biker carried her off the stage, knotted her into his table and then threatened to come back with his friends for a "gang splash." Search packed her restaurant and fled home to Toronto. "The managers think we're only there to sell beer," she says. "They



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Frontlines

A super kid flying high in super-8

On a tepid morning last May, 20-year-old Terry Browne entered a telephone booth. Without wasting a dime, he shot his street girl, slid into a red and blue leotard, flung a red cape over his shoulders and dived out into the street. Throwing onto the roof of a car, Browne lay spread-eagled and "flew" along the road in hot pursuit of two bank robbers. Movie cameras caught the whole scene, for this was beautiful downtown Ottawa, where 18-year-old Bryan Michael Stiller was filming and directing his latest movie-*folk*—*Superhero*.

The film is six minutes worth of speed and special effects in which, through the seven acting talents of three friends and Stiller's 21-year-old sister Marlene, we see Superman, Spiderman, the Incredible Hulk and Wonder Woman outdo each other in scaling a high-rise building, jumping off bridges and soaring over telephone wires.

West Coast movie moguls were not invited to the speed's premiere last week. Those gathered at the National Library for the fourth annual film festival of Bryan Michael Stiller were some 300 friends, relatives and fans doing their bit to support a professional teenager. Although *Superhero* is his latest production, it is by no means the only film to emerge from the six-room basement studio of B.M.S. Animated Films. The young veteran has made more than

60 shorts—most of them about 10 to 15 minutes long—since he began his career at 13. In his first year he made 10 films using painstaking drawing and table-top animation techniques involving hours of moving Plasticine figures slowly through an scene and taking single-frame pictures of them with a super-8 movie camera. An eclectic collage of titles lies haphazardly in cardboard boxes: *The Vampire of Woodruffe High*, *The Search for Happiness and Jesus III*.



PHOTO BY PHILIPpe GUYER FOR CIBC

Stiller (above) and "Superhero" (right): Hollywood won't take him until 1981

Stiller's desecration to celluloid has paid off in awards and publicity. He won the Crawley Student Film Competition in Ottawa, sponsored by waned film-maker Rudge Crawley, two years ago. He won a bronze medal at the Greater Miami International Film Festival in 1978 and then took the top honor at the Canadian International Amateur Film Festival in Ottawa.

At 14, Stiller had his own CBC network television series, *Film Fun*, in which he shared the spotlight with his younger sister Nancy. In 1974 he sold two films to *Pollack Probe*. He has marketed several 20-second commercials to a local car dealer, shopping mall and roller disco. Some of his films have been used by TV Ontario, others by CBC.

As September arrives, Bryan Michael Stiller is sitting behind the desk of his office in his parents' basement trying to figure out his future. He's now making films on money saved from a month's stint at a local animation company and part-time work for a draughtsman chain. He says the Canada Council turned him down twice when he applied for grants "because I was too young and the *Year of the Child* Committee said I was too old." It's not that his films are expensive productions; they usually cost from \$10 to \$100, and a lot of his film is donated by stores in return for an on-screen credit.

But his cash flow is approaching ebb, and to his parents' patience with a kid who lives in limbo and sees life through a camera lens, both feet planted firmly in the clouds. "He's not a drinker. He doesn't smoke but he's so wrapped up in himself that he has no time to share himself with his family," says his mother, Corrie Stiller.

"We just want him to go back to school," says David Stiller, "so that other doors will be open to him" doors, they hope, that will make Bryan some money. As it stands, their father is as waiting lists to enter Sheridan College in Toronto and Algonquin College in Ottawa. Ironically, Stiller has lectured as film at both Algonquin and Ottawa's Carleton University. He has a letter saying he has been accepted at Columbia College, Hollywood, for 1980. "They want me to put in a couple of years somewhere else first," he says. "That may be a hard wait, since Stiller wants L.A. and he wants now." "I like to work on a professional basis. In Canada things are cheap. You see commercials on TV that when I look at them they make me feel really bad. I'm a Canadian. I either go to Hollywood or stay in Ottawa and not away." Meanwhile life at the Stiller house rolls along, one frame at a time. **Marilyn Read**

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Street cleaning

I realize that this will be considered heretical in this democracy-loving, all-forgiving, over-hipping Canada of ours, but I wish we could dispose ourselves of such types as those in *Star Night* on Moss Street (July 28) who recently ransacked the streets of Bathurst, New Brunswick. I would gladly exchange one of those irresponsible characters for each of the Vietnamese boat people available, confident that Canada would benefit hugely thereby.

JIM HODGON, JONES, ONT

The old runaround

Having heard that jogging results in everything from crashed cartilages to fallen testicles, I wasn't at all surprised to learn from your article *Marriage Running Down* (Aug. 6) that crossing the spouse in an up-and-down fashion in causing divorce as well. I, too, am a fitness fanatic, and being already inclined to self-surgery can no doubt look forward to revelling in future laments from the media whip correlations between jogging and cancer are no doubt just around the next bend in the track.

PETER D. CUMBER, TORONTO

In black and white

The Commonwealth's *Banilla* (Aug. 6) draws attention to the conflict between "black pride" and Africa's need for productivity based on white skills. If countries like Zambia and Tanzania choose to give priority to pride, that is their privilege. But they should not try to impose the same irrational priority on the black population and closed black leadership of Zimbabwe Rhodesia. To be genuine, self-determination for the



African action: the right to make choices

blacks of Zimbabwe Rhodesia must include the right to make choices different from those of black leaders in neighboring countries—even if the different choices include respect for the special constitutional position of a productive white minority.

KENNETH W. HARRISON,
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO,
LONDON

Imports, experts

While I agree that the CRI's designated import rule has the effect of discriminating against Canadian quarterbacks,

Dore Durnwoody's *Passing the Buck* on Canadian Content (Aug. 13) failed to mention two points that I feel are crucial. All Americans are even more discriminated against in the CRI than Canadian quarterbacks. If the limit of 15 Americans per team was lifted there would probably be only five or so Canadians on a typical 35-man squad, seeing as American players are generally considered superior. Wiping out the designated import rule would also have the effect of raising the number of American starters to 15 from 14 if a Canadian was used as backup quarterback. And when the American quarterback was injured one of the numerous American free agents could be signed to fill his place.

JAMES MULLER, WILSON, ONT

Progress report

William Llewellyn's article *At A Glance: Adam* in the *Apex* (July 28) got me to my typewriter in record time. First of all, evolution is not a "nifty theory" as creationist David Meade would have us believe. A nifty theory would not have survived a century of elaboration, revision and criticism. Scientists do not espouse evolution merely to infuriate fundamentalist Christians; there is solid evidence to lend credence to the claim that evolution did occur and is still occurring. The fossil record is the best and most comprehensive evidence for evolution. It shows a gradual progression of life forms from the simplest, one-celled algae found in rocks more than three billion years old to the incredibly complex world of life we know today. The same sequence exists for man and his ancestors: from the ape-like hominids, no more intelligent than present-day chimpanzees, through the larger brained Homo erectus and Neanderthal man, to Cro-Magnon man and presently humanity is all its splendour.

DAN STOKES, VILLAGGIO, ONT

The legal terrorists

Allan Fetheringham's astute lawsuit in *Like Someone Who Kicks Dogs, Can Anyone Who Kicks Lawyers Really Be All Bad?* (July 18), on the utility and perjury of lawyers past and present (a tale well known. Sadly, over the centuries, the lawyers have replaced the lords, the common criminals, the pirates and brigands, and have themselves become the new terrorists in society. The terrible tragedy is that, like jobholders, soldiers, diplomats and civil servants, they are damn useless until you need us.

DELLICK BAIN, EDMONTON

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Deaths and entrances

I sincerely hope that after reading *Young Shards* (July 30), Canadians may perhaps come to terms with this nation's greatest, silent killer. As a young man with a thwarted parental feeling, the self-massacre of the young wrings my heart. Maclean's has done just what I wished I could do: reach thousands of Canadians and warn them of this cruel, often invisible danger that

desecrates open the lives and homes of even happy families.

CALVIN F. McCALLUM, LONDON, ONT.

Since the impact of a child's suicide on his or her family is extremely traumatic, there are now self-help groups for bereaved families which appear to be very helpful for many stricken families.

It is important to note that in many cases, the siblings of suicides (especially teen-agers) are greatly affected by the

death and their grief, unfortunately, is often minimized or overlooked by their uninvolved parents. These youngsters need special attention and the opportunity to meet with others in the same boat with whom they can work through their grief and pain. As a professional social worker, I have had some experience with these situations and feel a lot more research is needed in this area.

SUELLA HARRIS, MONTREAL

Good seed, good side

Having read *A Family Affair: How That Proven Blood Does Run Thicker Than Grasshoppers or Weal* (July 23), I may change my mind about Alvin Karpis.



ingham. Anyone whose ancestors have swelled in frustration, grudge-bred, sun-kissed, wind-swept, dust-sedimented, and/or grumpy, don't-admire central Saskatchewan must have some sturdy and redeeming features.

HELEN A. DAHLSTROM, BURLINGTON, B.C.

Surgery begins at home

I found it surprising that the article *Dr. Chuliver's Adventures in Lobotomy* (July 30) on microvascular surgery, dealt mainly with the work being done in New York while within sight of your head office, the team of Drs. Markinson, McKee and Zuker, at the Hospital for Sick Children, has performed some of the most outstanding research and surgery in this field.

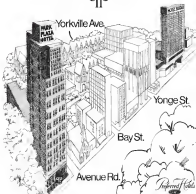
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The woods are alive, as all Canadian campers know, with more than the sound of their own footfalls. From mid-May to mid-September it's biting fly season and the buzzing border of tiny, pinky insects have driven people from some mosquito-borne diseases in style. As a final line of defense, pioneers and rednecks sometimes resorted to slathering their bodies in bear grease exposed to the sun until it turned rancid. Today, despite the less repulsive repellents available, biting flies remain the scourge of the windy set.

Their bites can do more than just raise bothersome bumps on the back of a sensitive neck. Over the past 20 years, more than 100 Canadians have died from mosquito-borne encephalitis and, for livestock and poultry producers, the flies have caused annual losses of millions of dollars.

Enough is enough and that is why, across Canada, some 20 entomologists and other professionals specializing in studying the biting flies are on the verge of declaring all-out war. Since 1972, they have prepared for battle headquarters—a biology research centre—for the study and testing of new pesticides and control methods for both government and industry. Included on their enemy list are houseflies, mosquitoes, stable flies, black flies, horn flies, deer flies and biting midges.



When Supply and Services Canada announced a two-year, \$100,000 grant for Dr. Mary Chase and Dr. Reinhard Bratt of the University of Manitoba to prepare a feasibility study on such a centre, Manitoba's eternal battle with mosquitoes (in 1973, 34 cases of sleeping sickness induced by mosquito bites were reported) may have given it the edge in the keen competition for the grant. "Many pesticide manufacturers are anxious to do more to combat flies but they're worried about the environmental effects of some pesticides," says Bratt. "Our hope would be for the centre to help them in testing and research on a contract basis." Though the federal departments of defence and agriculture support the planned centre, Bratt says that its future will depend on government programs and the demand for research from pesticide manufacturers. The entomologists, of course, will go on campaigning for the centre. Besides, what could be more Canadian than the government's trying to take the sting out of camping?

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

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THE HONORABLE FLORA

During a quiet, politically unproductive Ottawa summer, an broad-new Tory cabinet minister stumbled repeatedly over their own fine feet, one minister walked coolly and confidently into power. As Joe Clark's cabinet meets in Jasper this week, External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald will be one of the few who has already proven her mettle.

By Roy MacGregor

Two sipped by the shower, the minister of state for external affairs walked barefoot through the lawn and threw newspapers, stepped up onto the chesterfield, sighed, then settled contentedly over a seat of congratulatory headlines. Flora MacDonald was back in Ottawa from July's conference on refugees, back from taking the first stride in what now appears to be a race to return Canada's foreign policy to its former glory. She was hungry, with nothing but stale bread in the apartment refrigerator, but she was also at ease in peace with the present, a state of mind surely rare enough in a cabinet minister to commemorate with a stamp.

Only hours earlier her plane from Geneva had flown directly over her Cape Breton past her mother's home in North Sydney, the Church school where her missionary mother had—out grand, said, contrary to political science—had formed her ideas on foreign aid, the Bank of Nova Scotia where she went to work at 17, her schooling decided more by gender than potential, her career begun in 1948 no more promising than an overdrawn account. Little wonder then that now, at 35,000 feet and some 36 years later, the Honorable Flora MacDonald—with a government jet at her disposal, more than 5,000 employees at her command and a \$500-million budget at her discretion—had pressed her forehead tightly to the window and weaved. Partly in greeting and partly in farewell.

Below she could trace the neat coast of Cape Breton, where the steel mills give the sky the appearance of blood swimming in water. It was here that Flora MacDonald's own grandmother once waited 28 years for her husband to come home from the sea, and offered no complaint when he finally arrived. The grandmother had pined along her toughness, but that was all, the grand-



Flora at 8 (top) and in Parliament Hill office. She's a fox caught in headlights.

daughter had her own expectations in life and they had little to do with waiting and nothing at all to do with subservience. Flora MacDonald's idea of serving was to pistol-whip Vietnam before the entire world. And only two days before she sat reading her own reviews in the apartment, she had done it, and she had done it well. Still, when Flora MacDonald thought about se-

cially being there, the entire rose in her face like a redoubtable thermometer.

"It's a long way from North Sydney," she said. "But you know, when I got there, at the podium, I knew it was where I wanted to be."

Flora's star. She has star quality. She belongs out front—Lorne Murray, mastermind of the Conservative election victory.

The first slap of celebrity landed within weeks of her appointment as Canada's first woman external affairs minister. The television cameras picked up the new cabinet star as she crossed Ottawa's Wellington Street on her way to a press conference and for three-quarters of a block they turned on that day's visual the walk that is more blown feather than effort, the big open-mouthed smile, the pale blue harmony of eyes, dress, bracelet, necklace, ring... and with the camera rolling and with her eager eyes never wavering, MacDonald hypocritically walked on past her destination and absurdly on down the block. Like a fox caught in headlights, she had lost touch with the moment.

For all of MacDonald's 50 years the world has been turning, but only lately has its speed threatened dizziness. Her first day as minister saw an Arab knife on her insider's isolated mission to move the Canadian embassy in Israel





from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, and she barely—and certainly only temporarily—offset that with a hand-off to former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, who will study the matter. From that she moved to Paris for an economic gathering, to Tokyo for a major summit—where she kissed the Japanese foreign minister on public television—and then to the host people conference in Switzerland, where he kissed her back. The softness of the tongue, however, belied her tough talk. "We are concerned by tragedy," she began, and by the end of the meeting a surprising concession had been farmed from Vietnam: no further refugees would be put out to sea, at least for the time being.

It was in Geneva that MacDonald's career-up stance signaled her own future style and also the probable return to Canada's "helpful fixes" role as successfully pursued by the likes of Lester Pearson following the Second World War. In early August, at the Commonwealth conference in Lusaka, Zambia, she joined her prime minister, Joe Clark, in circulating this new image when they entered the discussion tentatively hoping to become the "honest broker" between the African nations and British over the Rhodesian Rhodesia issue (see Macdonald, Aug. 12, 1978).

Part of understanding such a vast personal activities is simple mathematics: workdays have 16 hours, weekends have seven days. So dedicated has she become to making the sacrifices necessary to get to the top that she has even prepared for the day when someone delivers the pill that does away with the necessity of eating. Best come only if it can no longer be avoided. And it is usually put off by what friends have come to call The

Phone. MacDonald, Late Show. "The telephone," says close friend and executive assistant Hugh Hanson, "is a natural extension of Flora MacDonald." Her soul calls begin after the late news and they often go on until much hours as a telephone receiver will be fumbled somewhere and a noise will rise from sleep to say, "Hello, Flora," without her having said a word. They go out to her eleventh family who has never married, but adds "Don't think there haven't been times when my heart was broken," out to the likes of New Brunswick Premier Richard Hatfield and any number of people who manage to get by without titles. All are strategically placed throughout the country and they serve as both a wind-down for her day and an instant nod on how both she and her country are doing.

Not surprisingly, her personal philosophy that "I just can't stand the idea of waiting all that time sleeping" is not shared by all her friends. Robert Stanfield, who has been close for 12 years, once inscribed the following in a gift book for her: "Glad to be a good friend of Flora's, but thank God I'm not on her late-night telephone list." Dalton Camp, a friend for almost as long, says, "I don't have the voltage she can blow my fuses in 10 minutes." Yet another friend, one who believes nights were dedicated for a reason, explains his phone before turning in.

The dozens of more who gladly answer, however, know much of the woman who is charged with putting on Canada's new international face. They have seen her kindness in late 1975, when Joe Clark's Conservative leadership drive was spluttering for lack of finance and threatening to stop dead, it was Flora MacDonald, the candidate



who stood to gain the most by Clark's dropping out, who put the word out that help was necessary—and help arrived. They know her vanity as well as her ability to tell jokes about herself. Some even know that her final decision to run for Parliament was made by a dress. Before she ran for office, she attended the National Defence College in Kingston and spent much of the year traveling and pointing over her future. Unable to sleep one muggy night in Hong Kong, she wandered the streets with her options until dawn found her in front of a silk shop, staring at a jade-green gown with elaborate gold-thread embroidery. "I said to myself," she recalls, "That's what you are going to wear when you get sworn in." She returned, sought and won the Conservative nomination for Kingston and The Islands and, on Oct. 26, 1978, she was by 8,156 votes. At the swearing-in ceremony, she wore the dress.

Such a victory was, of course, a time of shared happiness for MacDonald and her long-distance confidantes. But they also saw the other side—most were even visiting physical rehab or her dining table—on the afternoon of Feb. 28, 1978, when 288 delegates to the Conservative

Flora Power (clockwise from left) posing parades 1978; going for the leadership 1978; standing last May; St. Andrew's Day parade with colleagues Peter Mac, Andrew Sheerin, Joan Pigott and Don McKenna in 1977; wearing Ontario laurels 1977

party leadership convention lined up for the first ballot wearing "communist" brown, once Flora campaign buttons, voted—and a mere 214 of the 288 ballots came out with her name marked. It was in her own words at the time, "a royal screwing." The tears, when they came, were restricted to the intimacy of the electoral family, and even today, 22 months later, none of them will yet speak of her anguish.

Her bed felt less and always been her furnace—Dalton Camp

With Flora MacDonald it has not been a case of, as West Coast poet Susan Shurgave has written, "her body outgrowing its own sorrow." Like the chilly side of childhood, the hurt remains, and it shrinks still from the unrelenting draft of a door forced open. She sits in an armchair, staring vacantly into a candle, asked to remember. "It takes a



while..." she says, pauses, swallowing. "...It wasn't the doing...but the fact that I had been misled." For someone who values loyalty above all else, there was no understanding it—out there, not now.

High Hanson is more forthcoming. He was sitting within reach of her when the results of that first ballot were read off. "The first thing I thought was that they had made a mistake," he says. "It was 214, not 214. When they didn't correct it, I felt like I'd just been disemboweled."

Her campaign manager, Oakville lawyer Terry O'Connor, remembers turning to MacDonald when he, and others, advised her to drop out, to throw in with Joe Clark who had led her by 68 votes. But she refused, perhaps foolishly believing the second ballot would vindicate her, and stubbornly waited until the equally disappointing second ballot before moving to Clark. All along, she had known she would see 500,000 with the young Albertans, who was also perceived as a slightly leftist Red Tory, but it all her misgivings it had been him coming to her, never the other way around. Her mood, however, had much to do with making Clark leader, and it was no surprise when, on June 4, he rewarded her with the external affairs cabinet post. As Dalton Camp says: "She collected on her 100's."

This was not the first time a phone had rung from her apartment since April, 1966, after a decade as the administrative heart of the Conservative party, she was unconsciously fired by the new national director of the party, Dr. James Johnston. Johnston was simply carrying out the expressed wishes of the late John Diefenbaker,

who rightfully regarded MacDonald as part of the incubating "Dempsey Diet" movement. But that they foreman the results of their action, they most certainly would have dropped it as politically inept.

Dalton Camp, national Tory president at the time, learned of the firing by phone—naturally—that very night as he vacationed on Eleuthera Island, off Nassau. He sat up most of the rest of that night, brooding the famous leadership campaign speech through a typewriter. "I took [her firing] as a declaration of war," Camp says. Eddie Goodman, an important party fundraiser in Toronto, heard about the firing next day and immediately phoned Johnston. "You've just blown your brains out," he told him. Goodman was right. In less than a year Camp had been convincingly re-elected president. MacDonald had become the party's powerful national secretary and Robert Stanfield, then he made to support from Camp and MacDonald, had taken the leadership away from Diefenbaker. After that, MacDonald and the former leader spoke, but only rarely, and it was Diefenbaker who delivered the most ingenious verbal attack she has so far suffered when he later referred to her as "the finest woman ever to walk the streets of Kingston."

But that long-ago disappointment was far different from the leadership race. Criticism of her in 1966 could be seen for what it was, weighed, then easily rationalized.

The fact of her failure 10 years later was difficult to trace. It could not, for one thing, be blamed on her campaign. Described variously as "an evangelistic experience" and a "childlike's crusade"

by followers, the campaign was open and had enough of an appeal to bring tightly folded dollars from youngsters, and \$800 cheques from the likes of former Liberal cabinet minister Judy LaMarsh ("I've never seen one that to a Liberal?") But still, she lost Eddie Goodman, her chief fund-raiser, says it was because neither unsuccessful candidate, Paul Hellyer, made a blistering speech attacking the party's left wing, personified by MacDonald.

Only Dalton Camp, who advised her not to run, will say what the others will not. "She lost," he says, "because she was a woman."

This was the first cold measure of her as since she had run out at an university because women weren't expected to go, and thus was twice against her. Was she tough enough? Sadder yet, was she smart enough? Of the 600 or more women delegates, perhaps only 30 would be her, but that should not be surprising: MacDonald is better with men than women—her placid seductiveness creates swordsmanship in the young men who surround her—and it is plain clear that her friends, advisers, her aides, are all, with rare exception, male. One scorned former employee, a woman, even goes so far as to claim MacDonald treated her women staff "like kitchen help."

So it was men, not women, who deceived Flora MacDonald in Ottawa, where they had always been a lingering secret regarding her—Pierre Trudeau refers to her in the House as "the handsome lady"—but it had been easy to deal with. "The important thing," she has always believed, "is not to become involved with it, but to try and put it in the proper perspective." But where was the perspective here? If political men could not appreciate that she had laid it all on the line for this, scolded more than any other candidate, what was the

use of even trying? She wasn't just tough, she was tougher. She didn't want to be leader, she had to be leader. The other losers might be sad, even angry. But only Flora MacDonald was shattered.

All she could do was wrap the loss tightly in a psychic bandage and try to forget. "I felt badly more for the people who worked for me," she says, but it is clear she says that only to deflect the heat of the real question: They had played a sick joke on her, but she refused to be vindictive. "She's got no doubts or grills," says Philip MacDonald, an uncorrupted political companion of many years standing. "She's a very improbable type of politician. She knows all the art of it, but she simply has no guile. I've never found Flora to express herself in anger. Always subtle."

I've lost her this and she doesn't like it, but you've never the same after you reach for the top job. You become forever convinced that you have some mystical connection with the people—Lowell Murray

No doubt, from then on there has been a trace of righteousness in Flora MacDonald. She has always been an idealist, and the results can be both disastrous—as has happened in Ottawa over controlling nuclear energy and re-forming the Senate, two issues she rode so hard it wore down even her most forgiving friends—and it can also be availing, as happened during the spring election campaign. With Tory blessing, she turned her awesome energies on what the people were thinking. "At her best," says Lowell Murray, "there's absolutely as one with better political judgment than Flora. She gets things through her pores that cost me a quarter



Learning French and riding with nudes: the words are "intelligence" and "tough"

of a million dollars—and faster."

The Tories now admit to one great fear during the election, apart from Joe Clark's Big Gaffe, and that was that they were in the wrong side of the Petro-Canada issue by calling for an end to the government-owned oil company. "She brushed it completely aside," says Murray. "Forget it," she said. "Nobody's interested in oil in the month of May! And, you know, she was right."

After the victory, speculation was that she would become minister of federal and provincial affairs, as she had first suggested the Tories have a shadow cabinet position on the subject and then had filed the role. But the intrigues all seem to have been her first interest since she had hitch-hiked and worked around Europe in the 1960s. She actually had gone to Ottawa in 1965 looking to land a job as a secretary at External Affairs but was waylaid by a job at Tony's national headquarters. Joe Clark knew all that, and he offered her the job without her asking. "It was a brilliant appointment," says her good friend Gordon Patonweather, the federal Human Rights commissioner who would have been in the cabinet himself had he not retired from elected politics. "Flora will not be eaten up."

Times perhaps, but certainly not chewed and swallowed up. External Affairs may not be the victory she counted on but it is still a large and welcome way from the tailor's cap in North Sydney. And even if she is not prime minister, she is most certainly somebody—and that she will hang onto for dear life. For it is her life. Her only life.

And this is one good reason why Flora MacDonald is good for a department that, like an old and rich tapestry, has become mucky in recent years. Don Jamieson, the late Liberal minister, was accused by some of being an absentee landlord, seldom seen at External's horrid Leslie B. Pearson Building on Sussex Drive. Says one disgruntled External official: "The only foreign country Jamieson was interested in was Newfoundland."

Wilyly, MacDonald moved swiftly to endear herself to this internally haughty department. She personally sent greetings to all embassies and consulates before protocol forced them to welcome her. She moved her own office to the Pearson Building, began eating in the cafeteria, insisted on using her wedding French on francophone employees and even invited secretaries to the early receptions, her argument a simple and unrefutable, "I've been there." As for the early hot issues, her sidestepping has perhaps benefited from her early Highland dancing days. "She's handled it all beautifully," says Judy LaMarsh, who knows what it is like to be the only woman in a Canadian cabinet. And her efforts have certainly been appreciated by her department. "You can detect an almost palpable enthusiasm in External," says Prime Minister Clark, who has kept much official company with MacDonald in late.

Beyond the Pearson Building, however, lies the real world. And this world is yet small enough to deal in veils, unenfranchised votes, ordered elections and knowing one's place. In Japan, they gazed at the idea of a woman foreign minister. In Geneva, her bright yellow dress stood out like a single butterfly in a grey field of summer foliage. But it

was there, she feels, that the doubts were born. "We had something to say, and we said it, and people took it seriously. And if there was any reservation about a woman, it's diminished." When the refugee conference was over, the Danish foreign minister came over to her chair, leaned over and whispered in her ear. "You've been discussed around here. And the words that are being used are 'intelligence' and 'tough'."

Yet Canada's foreign policy has a long way to go before it will escape the tag of former British prime minister Harold Wilson, who once described Canada's commitment as "all aid short of help." To heal that strag will require financial commitment, something MacDonald vows she will apply. But it is crucial to understand where her personal foreign aid philosophy begins. It is one of her earliest ground rules and it dates from the Sunday mornings of childhood and the decision on how to divide a few dollars between the two halves of the United Church offering envelope. The black side went toward church and parish expenses, the red for missionary work in the world, and it was the role of her father, a worldly On

telegraph operator, that she gets only what is left over in the red missionary side. "He was adamant that the black side be well funded because, unless you have the church, you'll never have an institution where people could come to make their contribution to the Third World," she says. "It makes awfully good sense to me."

Still, Canada's decision to admit 80,000 refugees in the end of 1980 was taken before a price tag was ready. In retrospect, it shares the early days of the Trudeau government when needed and in starring Britain—"Where's Britain?" Trudeau asked—was put off and mysteriously delayed until four days before

Flora's surrender. Trudeau believed, as he said in 1980, that "the whole concept of refugee policy" is a little bit untimely. "MacDonald, however, believes wholeheartedly in Canada's past image as 'helpful fiend' to the world. It is her conviction that the current insensitivity in the world has created a vacuum in that drawing Canada into action. And she has no intention to resist. Given what has already happened in Geneva, and in a lesser degree in London, Canada may well be heading back to what Quebec's Claude Ryan has called this country's "boy scout complex."

If there is a concern about MacDonald it should not be over her toughness. It is, rather, that she believes the future can be found using maps of the past. She is, after all, fiercely Scottish and distrustful, for whom past glory is a religion and often a comfort for the present. She hangs into things she trusts passionately—people, places, certain possessions. From her father, she learned to take care of her own house first. From the leadership convention, she learned how fragile, and even disruptive, idealism can be. Neither thought is evil, but taken to their natural extensions the one could lead to selfishness, the other to cynicism. And both are cautious powers for a helpful fiend.

It may therefore be fortunate that she has kept the dress she bought in Hong Kong and wore to her swearing-in. It hangs today, preserved in dry-cleaner's plastic, in her apartment closet. Recently she marvelled again at the subtle properties of the short-sleeved material, the way light dances from thread to thread, the way it appears different from each new angle. The key to its lure is that it looks pretentious. In what she says it is, as she sees it in the light of the moment. And in that, it is not unlike her job. □

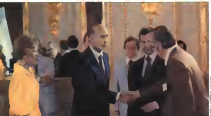


Photo by GORDON GILBERT

With Richard Estabrook and Clark in Canada, a single butterfly in a grey field

With Clark and Japanese Foreign Minister Sunao Sonoda in Tokyo, twice missed



Photo by GORDON GILBERT

An 1,800-mile curtain call for a consummate star



By Jane O'Hara

It was less than a day after John Diefenbaker had been buried beside the body of his late wife, Olive, on the bank of the South Saskatchewan River, already the bronze nameplate above his office door at the Parliament buildings had been removed. Flywood strips boarded up the windows. A security guard, posted 24 hours a day, stood watch to keep souvenir hunters from beating any memorabilia from the floorboards of Diefenbaker's 1,800-mile funeral march across the country, the calm of the corridors was haunting.

According to Diefenbaker's closest friends, the former prime minister knew he was going to die. "Since the May 26 election, he talked a lot about being very lonely and very tired, but one thing is certain—his work was done," said Bob Coates, president of the PC party. "He wasn't very upset about the prospect of dying." It will never be known for sure whether Diefenbaker did go down into that good night, but one thing is certain—he was prepared. In spite of his recent unenviable low status within the party, Diefenbaker made sure his memory as the once highly-flying 13th prime minister would be

branded on the consciousness of the country. Nine days before he died, Diefenbaker rededicated his will, which includes the controversial \$475,000 trust fund that has sparked nothing but ill will since it was first revealed about the federal taxes. And although Diefenbaker's estate has been valued at \$1 million, the trust's share will go to erect or maintain self-perpetuating monuments.

In his will, the 80-year-old Diefenbaker stipulated that one-third of the trust fund would go to the John Diefenbaker Centre at the University of Saskatchewan which houses about four million pages of his personal manuscripts plus his personal library and memorabilia. Another third will go toward the building of a boys' and girls' club in Prince Albert to be known as the Olive and John Diefenbaker Consummation Centre. The final third is slated for an as-yet-unspecified "program" to be presided over by his literary executor. One of them, Diefenbaker's executive assistant, Keith Martin, said last week that that personally wanted the money put toward the distribution of his three-volume memoirs and his Bill of Rights to high-school students. Martin, who bought up approximately 20,000 sheets to be re-manufactured copies of Diefenbaker's memoirs, has lived a lifetime to make sure Diefenbaker's wishes are carried out. Diefen-

baker also vowed that his Ottawa home be established as a historic site and that his Saskatchewan hometown be maintained as a museum of pioneer days. Apart from working on his will in the final weeks before he died, Diefenbaker put the final touches on his personal arrangements which he had been planning for three years. "Only a consummate actor like himself could have put together what he put together for Canada," said a Diefenbaker estimate, of the funeral which could cost taxpayers as much as \$200,000.

Like most things Diefenbaker did, the funeral generated controversy and inspired loyalty. Moments before the state funeral, attended by 1,200 dignitaries and officials at Christ Church Anglican Cathedral in Ottawa last Sunday, security officers received word of a bomb threat. Graham Glicking, in charge of special events for the secretary of state, walked up to Prime Minister Joe Clark and whispered "Ah, we've had a bomb threat." Clark responded, "What can we do?" said Glicking. "Nothing," replied Clark. "Okay, that's what we'll do."

For the more than 50 people who travelled on the three-day train trip—priests, politicians, friends and family—the trip became an Irish wake on wheels. There was much drinking and reminiscing about Diefenbaker's glory days, and on the last leg of the journey, Charles Lynch, chief of Southern News Services, pulled out his harmonica and the evening began.

Throughout the journey, crowds, some large, some small, gathered by the track as though drawn by jungle telegraph. Although there were only three

Diefenbaker's wife at Prince Albert, and Murray Sinclair's mother after a three-hour speech, a hearing case



scheduled stops en route (Sudbury, Winnipeg, and Prince Albert), the train was halted six additional times to allow mourners to pay their last respects. At an unscheduled North Bay stop one man who had driven 70 miles to get there was incensed that the car bearing Diefenbaker's coffin would not be speeded for viewing. Undaunted, he argued where the next official stop would be. It was Sudbury, 130 miles away. The man got into his car, drove the distance and embarked in time to see the flag-draped casket.

In Prince Albert, the riding Diefenbaker had represented since 1953, and in Saskatchewan, where Diefenbaker chose to be buried, a noticeable number of Indians showed up to say their goodbyes. During the burial service some 2000 people, many from the John Diefenbaker Centre, five Indian leaders from the Mesquiquia Reserve sang an "honour song" to the Chief to begin the ceremony. "I regarded him as my blood brother," said Adrian Roday, former chief of the Blackfoot Indian band. In many ways, so did most Canadians.

Quebec

Into the wild bleu yonder

The approaching machine was still a respect on a canvas of steel last Wednesday afternoon as an air traffic controller Raymond Anchembault instructed a motorcade in land. "Quel beau ciel, on vous envoie à l'atterrir." The Concorde emerged from the sky to drop lightly to the concrete of the Quebec City airport. Moments later, the chairman's fellow controller, Robert Targuet asked a red and white DC-9 walking on the ground below. "Au Canada 876, you ready to go?"

Last week's recommendation by a panel of three judges that bilingual air traffic control be adopted throughout Quebec will mean little change at Quebec City: the airport's 16 visual flight rule controllers have been legally dispensing instructions in both languages for the past two years. Less legally, controllers in charge of instrument flight have been fastening regulations since 1977 by providing full-voice service at the airport which handles more than 150,000 takeoffs and landings annually.

It was in the Quebec tower four years ago that the use of French by controllers first angered them. English-speaking controllers and pilots have been fighting negotiations since 1977 by providing full-voice service at the airport which handles more than 150,000 takeoffs and landings annually.



Targuet in Quebec City tower: a bottle of champagne that should have been a case

backers and contributed to their electoral mobilization behind the Parti Québécois in that year's November election. The case of French-speaking pilots and controllers, grouped into the Association des Gens de l'Air du Québec, had captured the public's sympathy. Quebec election night, Gens de l'Air Secretary-Treasurer Jean-Luc Patenaude was in Victoria attending an executive meeting of the Canadian Air Traffic Controller Association (CATCA) and when the meeting was interrupted by news of the PQ's triumph, Patenaude hauled from his briefcase a bottle of champagne to offer English-speaking union controllers in making gratitude. Responded former CATCA president Jim Livingston, "Only one bottle? After what we did for them, it should be a case."

There is little likelihood that the emotional delight of 1978 will be revived by the unanimous report of the chairman of inquiry chaired by St. Justice Julien Chouinard, although the report was accepted only reluctantly by CATCA and the Canadian Airline Pilots Association. French-speaking air workers say that their relations with English-speaking colleagues have greatly improved. Gens de l'Air President Roger Demers, who has been piloting Quebec premiers ever since Jean Lesage, said he no longer hears Anglophone pilots using the acronym to insult the use of French. "There is now a mutual respect between Anglophones and Francophones that did not exist three years ago."

Inside the Quebec City control tower, 10-year veteran André Joy greeted the vindication of French-speaking controllers pleasantly. "I think it has been a long, tedious battle. We always knew bilingual control was safe but we were forced to prove it." Safety, he continued, was the prime concern of these warring pilots to communicate in French with Quebec

pilots. "Many times I had close calls speaking English to a French-speaking pilot who was learning to fly and speak a new language at the same time."

Now even some Anglophone pilots choose to speak French with the bilingual tower, though U.S. pilots approaching Quebec City for the first time still are puzzled by two languages emanating from their radio receivers. But language differences can be transcended, as controller Targuet demonstrated last week when he guided in a charter-bound American Gemini by a university familiar landmark. "Look for a McDonald's restaurant on your right," David Thomas

Ontario

Experience '79: death by fire

The North is an elusive part of the Canadian psyche. It bedevils. There's romance about it, a mystique, and the great solitude has always had a special appeal for Canadian youngsters. In Ontario, for example, the provincial government has provided summer jobs for youngsters in the North for the past 35 years. About 1,800 high-schoolers were chosen that year as a first-time chance to work for \$10 a day, room and board included, on construction projects and forest clearing.

It was just such another summer this year, and almost over. Another week and a half and school would start again. Then it happened. Five crews, comprising 47 people, had set a "prescribed burn" in a 250-acre section of Crown



Geraldine high-school senior Peter Gerald sets up material canisters during a dental clinic to help identify the dead.

land to clear bush at the west end of Lake Rangan, about 176 miles northwest of Thunder Bay. It was a routine procedure designed to prepare the area for timber replanting as part of a ministry of natural resources land improvement program. But suddenly the wind shifted and minutes later seven young people were dead.

The seven died last week, including two provincial junior rangers and three women: Gordon Reid, 37, and Danny Fitzgerald, 11, both of Metro Toronto; Jane Spurgence, 35, Odessa, Wanda Parise, 34, Joliet, and Colleen Campbell, 16, Kenora, Huron, 18, and Anthony Glen Thompson, 17, all of Geraldine. Gailie Wynn, 58, of Longlac, a fire-control technician for the ministry and supervisor of the crew, survived the fire, but he suffered burns to 25 per cent of his body.

Wynn escaped death by walking into a swamp near the fire site but although he showed at first, he said, the others failed to follow. James Auld, Ontario's minister of natural resources, ordered the province's no-nonsense chief coroner, H. Beatty Cotnam, to hold an immediate inquiry into the deaths. Cotnam flew to the site carrying dental records to help identify the dead.

The two Toronto youths were from the Springwater Junior Ranger Camp in the Geraldine-Nakina area of Northern Ontario, where they were being taught fire fighting. The four Northern Ontario high-school students were part of the summer-job program

called Experience '79. All the youngsters in the ranger program—1,120 male and 380 female—receive eight weeks of manual work such as seeding, pruning, cutting trees, improving camps and cutting portages and nature trails. They are lodged in 72 camps around Ontario—45 for males and 27 for females. The Experience '79 program is a \$13.5-million youth employment project established to provide co-operation that is similar to an individual's own school and career interests. This involves any of 28 ministries.

One of the dead, Jane Spurgence, was on contract for a summer job and because of her past forestry experience

had been hired by Kimberly Clark of Canada Ltd. as a forestry technician, to start next month. Her father, Frank, could only remember: "What a waste of a young life. It hasn't really hit me yet."

In Toronto the Reid family had received a letter from Gordon only a day before he died. His brother Dave, 28, said Gordon wrote that he was having a great summer and he really liked the job. "He had worked at a camp last year and he wanted to be a junior forest ranger this year. You only get one chance—that's what you're 17. I guess you could say he was lucky to get in. It was an unfortunate accident, but there's a lot of things that people can do about it. The questions and answers will come later, when people have time to think."

Warren Gerard

Saskatchewan

The summer of their discontent

This was the summer that the weather played hot-and-run with Prairie farmers. The cold, damp spring that delayed planting (Manitoba, May 20) was followed by widespread drought punctuated by scattered bouts of hot, windstorms and, most recently, a mid-August frost. As a result, one man's bumper crop was a lackluster neighbor's poison.

Last week Rob Hall, 48, who farms 800 acres near Indian Head, 40 miles east of Regina, was looking forward to

Wendy Hall (right) and a young-ster farmer Hapke (left) talk and smile.



Getting a second opinion

Even before they exchanged their "I love you" but brother-in-law, it was clear that there was not to be a marriage made in heaven. They already had an eight-month-old daughter, born while the bride was still a 17-year-old New Westminster, Nova Scotia, high-school student and her husband-to-be, 30, was working as a coal miner. This formal marriage, such as it was, didn't even last long enough for a first anniversary celebration. Three week arguments and about "After a while," she remembers, "I got so bad that I'd see the wall like a thing to hit, and I'd be going around the wall and beat the up." During his course of five months, they separated no fewer than four times. When the first marriage breakdown occurred early this July, however, she was pregnant again—and it was the pregnancy that suddenly transformed her messy domestic struggle into a tale of public drama. In May 20, was followed by widespread drought punctuated by scattered bouts of hot, windstorms and, most recently, a mid-August frost. As a result, one man's bumper crop was a lackluster neighbor's poison.

After two local doctors agreed that the condition of the physical abuse she had endured and the emotional strain of the

contract marriage could make the pregnancy health-threatening, the new 19-year-old woman (who has asked not to be identified) applied to the therapeutic abortion committee of the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax to have the pregnancy terminated. Over the objections of her assigned doctor, the committee's members suggested the doctors concerned have a "study of the" toward the woman and that the hospital might be found responsible if she ran into difficulty.

Did not establish the father tried his lawyer Paul Murphy is to get an experts' opinion to prevent the abortion from being performed. A court hearing could be held in the state. But as soon as doctors at the Victoria General Hospital, Obstetrics and Gynecology got wind of the miscarriage, they asked their own legal counsel for an opinion on the basis of which they decided not to go ahead—even though no decision had in fact been granted. Because the woman's pregnancy was by her own law for advanced for her to seek help elsewhere, the doctors' decision effectively ended her case. The doctor, however, continues 30 million lawyers held a demonstration outside the hospital to protest what organizer Kathleen Howes, a member of the International Campaign for Abortion Rights, called the doctors' "arbitrary handling of the situation." And a group is now being formed to provide support for other women who find themselves in similar difficulties.

Certainly the doctors' legal position in denying the abortion after the committee had agreed that it was necessary to the woman's health would seem to be ambiguous. One lawyer interviewed by Michael's suggested the doctors concerned have a "study of the" toward the woman and that the hospital might be found responsible if she ran into difficulty. The only similar case known to have occurred in Canada, an interim injunction preventing a proposed abortion was granted to an Ottawa husband in 1972 but was later nullified after the wife agreed to have the child, leaving the case somewhat unclear. When a British husband sought such an injunction last year it was granted on the grounds that Britain's 1967 abortion act gave no rights to his husband. There have been several attempts by U.S. husbands to stop abortions but none has been successful.

This broken marriage that started the Halifax debate, meanwhile, is working its way through the courts. This wife has charged her husband with desertion and cruelty and he, in turn, has filed for full custody of the child. "I observed the fact that I'm going to have this baby," she says now, "and I'm not really able to, anyone except my husband." Right now, I just want to have the baby and start my life again on my own. Stephen Litchner

harvesting perhaps 11,000 bushels of grain worth as much as \$55,000. Yet 15 miles away Robert Hapke had plowed his wintered crops under on July 31 after putting in a claim for some \$7,000 in crop insurance (barely enough to cover his seed, fertilizer and chemical treatments). Instead of the \$30,000 he could have gotten with just an average yield. "It's a good way of life," says the 30-year-old Hapke, who quit a steel company job four years ago to farm 480 acres, "but years like this leave me to wonder."

Yet Hapke had planned his season carefully. Hoping to bypass the transportation problems that plague the country's cumbersome grain-handling system, instead of wheat he used 500 acres of soybean seed, for a Vancouver kind-free crop, plus 115 acres of soybean. "Since soybean seed is a contract crop they come and pick it up on your harvest it," But the unpredictable weather did him in anyway. The only substantial rainfall he got was on July 9, but by then the damage had been done.

Just 18 miles to the west, Ben Hall can look over his fields with satisfaction because "we've had two good shots of rain—an inch-and-a-half each time—and that's been enough. It's really been sporadic because south of here they've had more inches. It's been a strange year but I hope to have at least an average

crop." Not-so-lucky Saskatchewan farmers such as Bob Hapke, approximately 3,000 of them, had only one way out of the summer's crippling hot weeks—to seek aid from the province's Crop Insurance Board. The provincial board is a joint venture with the federal government working farmers' premium payments. Payments for crop insurance are based on the farmer's yield per acre. When a farmer makes a claim, his fields are inspected and the north of his crop is compared to the farmer's own. If he can't get enough from the insurance, he may opt to take his chances and harvest the crop anyway, or he will accept the settlement and plow it under.

Following a hailstorm that whipped through the east-central portion of Saskatchewan in the second week of August, a record 6,300 claims in two days hit the desk of Roy Tolton, field operations manager for the Crop Insurance Board in Regina. His conservative estimate is for a \$55-million crop insurance payout this year, almost \$20 million more than the previous record of \$35 million in 1977. "The weather is not comparable to any other year that I can remember," Tolton says. "We've had everything thrown at us but the kitchen sink." And no body comes insurance against that. Dale Rider



PHOTO BY GARY HALL

Pulling back the welcome mat

By Mario McDonald

In the desolate coil of a migrant worker's hostel on the Paris outskirts, he awakens each morning from a dream of lost sun and baguettines to the cramped plasterboard reality of a dormitory where the stench of communal cooking and foul human air is thick. That room isn't big enough to hold a chair beside his cot, but he does not dare venture out. For Ahmed, a 28-year-old Algerian who has lost his job as a prime garbage collector, the streets of France have become a jungle, alive with gentrifiers who could swoop down and demand his working papers, which are about to expire. The country to which he once fled to gladly has become a landscape of terror—a minefield of possible discovery and deportation. "As long as I was useful to them, the French wanted me," he says. "Now that I am not, they want to throw me out."

Among France's 4.6 million foreign population, that bitter conclusion is coming with increasing alarm. In the wake of protests by the press, trade unions and human rights activists, including movie actor Yves Montand, the French senate has just put off debate on two controversial new laws that would mean a severe crackdown on the country's immigrant workers.

One empowers police to deport instantly anyone who is found without proper papers or sufficient funds to leave the country, or who is deemed a "threat to public order." The other, which would combine work and residence permits into a single card, gives authorities sweeping new discretionary powers to decide who stays in France, including the right to deport any foreigner unemployed for six consecutive months.

There is little doubt that this fall, France's secretary of state for immigrant workers, Lucien Stedier, will win support for both measures, which he freely admits are designed to force 200,000 foreign workers a year, or one million by 1985 to leave. "Immigration has been growing for the last 20 years," he says. "Now it's time for a 20-year reversal of the process."

Those words of change aren't confined to the hexagonal borders of France, which currently claims the highest foreign population in the continent. From Britain to Switzerland, Sweden to West Germany, the immigrants who swarmed into Europe's in-

dustrial centers in the boom years of the early 1950s, armed with little more than cardboard suitcase and a willingness to do the dirty work that the local citizenry disdain, are suddenly finding the welcome mat being pulled out from under their feet.

Although the 1970 economic recession led several European countries to cut down on immigration, the immigrant population has now swelled to an estimated 56.6 million, in part thanks to a mushrooming birthrate. In West Germany, one child born out of every five is non-German—most being offspring of the massive Turkish labor force which has won detractors like Berlin's Krensborg the dubious ghetto appellation of "Little Ankara." An unemployment morass, Germany's right-wing politicians haven't missed an opportunity to sound the alarms against the four million guest-workers, or guest workers, most of whom do the dirtiest, nastiest and unpleasant factory toil.

Now, with another recession on the horizon prompted by the last oil price hike, the plight of Europe's immigrant work force promises to worsen. Indeed,

French period: the winds have changed



In France, as on the rest of the continent, where foreign workers are suddenly finding themselves blamed for every ailment from rocketing social service costs to inner-city blight, the new anti-immigrant laws are being taken as evidence of growing racism and xenophobia—and of a new political drift to the right.

But it is tiny, peaceful Switzerland, which for years depended on its imported Italian work force, that has dealt most swiftly—and brutally—with the problem. The country has managed to reduce its foreign work force by half, to 416,000 in 1977 from one million in 1973, by not renewing work permits and by arbitrary deportations.

The situation was summed up in the 1978 Italian film *Bread and Chocolate*, which shows actor Nina Manfredi desperately trying to stay in a room ordered abandoned, even if it means a personal risk. When he finally loses his identity papers (for relieving himself in public), he flees to police. "What do I tell my family, that I was sent home for pooping?"

In West Germany, where the constitution bans such measures, the 1.5 million members of the Turkish work force

often dwell in a dehumanized twilight zone, unwilling to return to the economic wasteland at home but confined to a ghetto universe. Unable to dole out with the language and culture that surround them, despite a \$25-million-a-year government program for job and language training, the Turkish guest-workers are spawning a second generation of what the neo-nazis, Der Spiegel calls "bilingual Elfbabies," two-thirds of whom drop out of school by age 15. That is turn is transforming some industrial centers into latent racial cauldrons. One labor executive laments that foreigners are "explosive."

In Belgium, a survey showed that 80 per cent of the population shied away from foreigners' shops, considering them "dirty." In France, the elites on a recent phone-in show following an immigration debate went overboardingly to throw out the "massive foreigners" (damned foreigners) yet, ironically, many demanding contracts do not wait their citizens back. When France refused to renew work permits for 350,000 Algerians whose cards expired last year, Algeria threatened to take non-commercial revenge if they were deported.

In more cases than not, the migrants do not wish to go home either. Two years ago, France instituted a policy of offering foreign workers a free plane ticket out and 10,000 francs (then worth about \$2,500), but so far only 55,000 have taken advantage of that official largesse. Rootless and unwanted, the continent's immigrant population has been called the European Community's "19th country" as well as its "ticking time bomb."

In Britain, where Mr. Enoch Powell's racist aria had long warned that "rivers of blood" would flow if the nation's "pottery" were shattered, the Notting Hill Race riots which erupted in 1976, leaving 468 injured, seemed to confirm the worst

Squatter called home (left) and migrants along the dirty work, a ghetto universe

fears. There is little doubt that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government's hammering of the same time last summer helped to win her the key to 18 Downing Street. And despite the fact that the number of immigrants admitted to Britain was already down by 25 per cent in the past year, this fall the Thatcher government will unveil a revised set of immigration controls. They are openly aimed at reducing Britain's foreign population without incurring the wrath of the European Court of Human Rights.

The Community's commission for racial equality has already confronted new Home Secretary William Whitelaw with a demand for an inquiry into possible racial bias in the immigration process—a result of February's revelation that thousands of Indian women entering Britain as brides were being forced to submit to "virginity tests." Indeed, it is the fear of similar breaches of human rights that prompted 8,000 in Islamabad to take to the streets of Rome to protest the French government's new anti-immigrant proposals. Not only do the laws curtail the needs for massive expatriates, they open the way for legalizing such practices as holding desperate immigrants in a Narviks warehouse before shipping them out.

"The crisis is reawakening our old dreams," read their manifesto. "France, unbecoming racist, is not mastering the crisis—it is discovering it." As some pointed out, the land of blivet, *Amble, Ambrose* was in danger of tarnishing its self-styled tradition as a pitiful haven. Under the new laws, some of its most celebrated citizens—including the painter Marc Chagall and Aristotle Onassis—would have been allowed through passport control. ☐

India

With a little help from her enemies

It is as if Richard Nixon were suddenly poised for a triumphal re-entry to the White House, backed by an electorate that had tried the political alternative and found it worse. Following the call for elections by Indian President Bansi Prasad Reddy last week in the wake of Prime Minister Charan Singh's resignation, India seems on the verge not only of forgiving former prime minister Indira Gandhi for her cruel and dictatorial rule but of welcoming her back into power as well.

For Gandhi it has been a remarkable turnaround in fortune. Her disgrace after being voted out of office in 1977 was more complete than Nixon's. The people in remote villages and major cities lauded her for the ill-starred state of emergency she had imposed, during which more than seven million people had been forcibly sterilized, thousands of political opponents detained without trial and the press censored.

Yet, astonishingly, many people are now looking on those as the good old days. A public opinion poll, conducted this month in India's four main cities—Delhi, Madras, Bombay and Calcutta—asked the question: When was the country better off? During the emergency, or during the Janata government that replaced it? Sixty-four per cent felt India had been better off during the emergency. Forty-eight per cent also said Gandhi would now be their choice as prime minister.

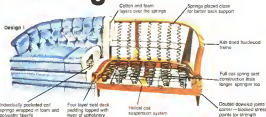
What went wrong? There was almost unbounded joy in 1977 when Gandhi was ousted during the election. Morarji Desai's Janata party took power on a



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wave of popular support but, as a result of his incompetence, that support turned to hate in only 20 months. India now faces a series of crises that many of its leaders consider threaten its very democratic foundations. There have been murders in the police and paramilitary forces, widespread labor unrest, bloody religious clashes, rising unemployment and soaring inflation.

The essential choice confronting voters in the December elections will be between Gandhi's authoritarian style of rule, which provides discipline and makes the tribes run on fear, and the soft-las approach of his opponents, which has proved ineffective since the end of the emergency. But it will also be a choice between individuals, and there the events of the past few weeks have played into Gandhi's hands. Never before has the country seen such blatant examples of opportunism and double-dealing by those elected to power. With Madhavvelas ministers, Singh, while still Desai's deputy prime minister, had masterminded the defections that led to the resignation of Desai last month, only quitting to lead the rebel faction when he was sure the leadership had gathered enough speed.

Singh was due to face a parliamentary vote of confidence last Monday. But at the last minute he ducked it and handed in his government's resignation. He knew he would be humiliatingly defeated in the vote because Gandhi had decided to order his 13 sons to oppose him. In a resignation statement, Singh contended he had taken the action because he would not yield to "blackmail" by Gandhi's supporters. He said that in exchange for their parlia-



Gandhi (left) and Singh: unwilling invasion

mentary support he had been asked to withdraw court cases against Gandhi and his colleagues, in charge of misuse of power during the emergency.

Having become the first Indian prime minister to resign without having faced parliament, Singh then turned his situation to ensuring that Jaypran Ram, Desai's replacement as head of the Janata party, was prevented from becoming prime minister. In conversations with Reddy, Singh alleged that Ram had been involved in massive corruption. One of the allegations was that both Ram and former prime minister Desai had arranged for an illegal "concession" to be paid to their relatives in a \$160-million deal with British Aerospace.

But Reddy also had his own reasons for brushing aside Ram as a possible prime minister: even though Ram commanded 265 seats—the biggest single bloc in parliament—there has been blood between Reddy and Ram since 1980 when Ram helped defeat Reddy's first bid to become premier.

Until the decision India will continue to be governed by Singh's overpriced, little coalition where power base has been weakened further over the past few days by defections—most of whom have joined Gandhi's party. Meanwhile the Singh government has ensured the president it will avoid policy changes or new spending measures. So, in effect, the governing process of the country will drift for the rest of the year. Then the people will choose, and their choice is likely to be Indian Gandhi.

Peter Snowwood

Iran

A revolution without an end

Atyashah Bahakli Khomeini would not appreciate the irony of it. The man whom Khomeini had sought to topple, while struggling from Paris against Shah Reza Pahlavi only eight months ago, had popped up to attack his Islamic revolution from the same French capital. Shapur Bakhtiar, 64, premier during the last weeks of the Shah's rule, went on French television last week to predict that Khomeini would fall within six months at the most.

As Bakhtiar spoke, Iranian troops were using tanks and helicopter gunships to combat a revolt by Kurds in western Iran. By week's end they had captured the Kurdish stronghold of Saqqez and encircled the city of Mahabad in threats that claimed 400 lives. The bloodshed was such that the Kurdish chiefs were reported willing to negotiate if Khomeini ordered a halt to military executions of captured Kurds. Khomeini was also facing unrest from ethnic Arab militants in Khuzestan, the country's major oil-producing area in the south, who were threatening to revolt.

Against this backdrop, Bakhtiar's appearance in Paris came as a masterstroke of timing the drive to oust

Bakhtiar: the right man for the moment



AP/WIDE WORLD

Khomeini with the Ayatollah's very own tactics gathered momentum throughout August as he appeared almost daily to denounce the strangeness of Qom.

Bakhtiar, a small man with a weather-beaten face, is widely thought to have made his way to the French Alps after his government collapsed on Feb. 11, and to have agreed to let low until the time was deemed right for his reappearance. He now thinks the time has come and his vitriolic attacks on Khomeini are being featured prominently in the Iranian press—helping prompt the recent abridgment of at least 64 newspapers by Khomeini, which in turn sparked rioting between Khomeini supporters and protesters. Now many Iranians are prepared to wager that Bakhtiar will take over from Khomeini within a year.

Observers in Tehran say Bakhtiar's denunciation have made him the darling of Iran's jittery middle class and won him some backing in the intelligentsia and the army. But his strongest support comes from the powerful Ayatollah Shariat Madari, leader of the "enlightened conservative" branch of the clergy. Many Iranians think that



Kurdish rebels facing execution, no end

Bakhtiar and Madari could make an unbeatable team at the top. To get there, however, they would not only have to dispose of Khomeini ("He's his own worst enemy," maintains Bakhtiar) but also outflank the left and win the support of the masses.

As for the French, they obviously think that Bakhtiar is a potential winner and that, unlike Khomeini, he will not forget to reward their generosity with a favor when he returns to Iran. "He's the right man with the proper policy for us," concluded a high-ranking foreign-office aide. "We also like the right moment in time." Peter Lewis

There's always a pretext to fight

In March last year, Israeli military forces, responding to the death of Palestinian guerrillas, led a huge sweep north into southern Lebanon, capturing major guerrilla strongholds and establishing a security zone. When they withdrew in April, 1978, leaving part of the territory to Lebanese Christian militia, the United Nations Truce Forces in Lebanon (UNTF) was sent to establish peace. But that effort has so far proved futile. Guerrillas made head the region on Beirut continue, so to speak, to tell the tale of some 25 a month and killing of alleged Palestinian strongholds (such as last week's which left eight dead and 45 wounded in Tyne). Caught in the uneasy conflict are the UN's Truce Forces. Their commander, General Ernest Oakes of Ghana, recently failed to maintain a conventional Israeli strategy in Lebanon about his impossible task.

Meanwhile, a UN Security Council resolution last week, in southern Lebanon, is a more direct withdrawal and to establish peace. This has not happened. Why not?

Israelis in early April said the present area was all handed over to us by the Israeli defense force (IDF) but they handed over the southernmost section of Lebanon

not to the UN but to the Israeli Defense Forces (IDF) and his forces which now have the so-called Christian enclave on forces aren't allowed in their area and we're having to negotiate to get back to the UN.

Meanwhile, the UN's Truce Forces in Lebanon—where in the south alone number about 7,000—was heavily armed. Also, they worry about the Syrians, that is the Arab element forces in Lebanon whom they look on as a sort of threat to break out.

Bakhtiar caught in the uneasy strife



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A week on the brink, a saving of face

It was a week of desperate diplomacy for the administration of President Jimmy Carter. Looming before it was the possibility that Andrew Young, the U.S. representative at the United Nations and chairman of the Security Council, would have to vote a resolution calling for the recognition of the Palestinians' right to an independent state. For Young, who has vocally supported such a resolution (and who now holds his post only temporarily after recently resigning because of secret talks he had with a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization), the step would have been doubly ironic. The U.S. would have been caught in an apparent anti-Arab stance which could have spoiled the Madrid peace process. In the end, the Arab decision to put off the vote allowed both Young and the U.S. to save face.

Nonetheless, Young seized the moment to deliver a triumphant farewell address in which he claimed his own government, as well as Israeli and Arab, for failing to come to terms over the Mideast. "It is a ridiculous policy for the United States not to speak to the PLO," he said. "It is also ridiculous for any of you sitting around this table not to have relations with Israel." Israeli Ambassador Yehuda Blum quickly attacked Young for being "seriously misguided." But although Young further embarrassed the Carter administration, he could not diminish the obvious relief of the White House at the postponement of the vote.

The week began grimly enough when Robert Strauss, America's special envoy to the Middle East, returned to Washington. He had been disgusted with firm orders to tell the Egyptians and the Israelis as a U.S. writer alter-

native that would allow the Palestinians to participate in the peace process. Strauss was said personally not to favor that alternative, and Israel and Egypt were not buying the idea either. Strauss, moreover, was frustrated by the stranger orders he had been handed and the lack of flexibility he had in his negotiations. In the end, he convinced Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and other officials to abandon plans for the alternative resolution and to try instead for postponement of the vote. President Jimmy Carter, on his way down the Mississippi (see box), approved that course of action.

Meanwhile in New York, a special General Assembly committee on the Palestinian problem labored over a draft resolution. Ultimately, it came up with surprisingly moderate wording. The draft called for "self-determination" for the Palestinian people but made no mention of "an independent state." This wording satisfied the PLO, although enough anti-Israeli phrases were included to appease pro-Palestinian committee members. The intention of this verbal adjustment was to forestall the U.S. vote that would certainly bring any extreme resolution coming up for a Security Council vote.

The debate on the draft resolution began Thursday, under pressure from the outset to conclude before the weekend, since many diplomats were slated to attend the nonaligned nations' conference beginning this week in Cuba. One after another, the speakers—mostly from Third World countries—prefaced their remarks with accolades to Andrew Young. The speeches continued a pro-

longer film and Egyptian computer plot. Arafat's film and Egyptian computer plot.



Young just one last controversy

claimable amount of incendiary rhetoric, but ultimately that seemed mostly for the Palestinians to use. Egypt supported Palestinian rights but refused to back Palestinian statehood. Israel declared that the entire resolution was a "machusheh debate" dragged through the summer to do maximal damage.

Finally, even the most extreme PLO supporters agreed not to press for a vote, out of regard for Young and to avoid forcing him to veto a resolution he himself feared. It may prove that this seemingly tentative move on the part of the Arab nations and the PLO could credit them with uncharacteristic moderation in the eyes of the watching world.

Chae Walker

New York

Jogging, robbing and rolling

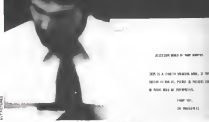
Bank robbers are the stuff of which legends are made—especially in the United States, where movie and TV moguls continue to amass fortunes by retelling the sagas of folk heroes such as Jesse James and Bonnie and Clyde. But last week, when an unprecedented rash of bank robbing hit New York City, a new breed of robber had clearly emerged—the amateur.

Demonstrating as much pique as better skills than the legendary figures of the West, robbers built up 10 banks throughout the city in one four-hour period. A suspect in one of the robberies was apprehended before the day was

out after a wild, sometimes 100-m.p.h. car chase which lasted nearly an hour. Another of the robbers involved, a "jogger bandit" dressed in a grey sweat suit who successfully held up a bank and then sprinted away into the safety of a crowded street. And while a robber found less well as Long Island, he at least showed a flare for drama, he was robbed while trying to escape from the scene of the crime on brightly colored roller skates.

Such amateurism, however, can have grave consequences. One jittery bank robber, wearing a gas mask like the low-cut mask, shot and killed a 20-year-old bank teller. The teller was complying with his instructions but the robber, apparently panicking when a noise makers which makes a whirring noise was activated by a silent alarm, shot him twice, then fled with \$4,000.

While today's bank robber is likely to be a 20-year-old unemployed loser who impulsively walks into a bank, passes the teller a note, sets a policy \$1,000—and more often than not—gets caught, there are still master criminals who capture the imagination of the public. On the same day that New York's 10 amateurs were far the most part handing their small jobs, three truly professional armed bandits acted more than 50 miles in Connecticut from a Bank's armored truck in a job dubbed the "Trojan Horse Cap." Taking their cue from Virgil, the bandits attacked just tight security at the world headquarters of the Chase Manhattan Bank by bluffing in a stolen flat truck. The truck, which regularly makes deliveries



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Spanish bank sign bilingual discussion

to the building's restaurant, breezed past the security guard in the basement of the skyscraper, giving the robbers easy access to the lightly guarded bank's trunk parked in the basement. No one was injured and at week's end there were no clues.

Belonged New Yorkers tend to think that they are being especially victimized by crime. But New York's current bank robbery wave follows a national trend. More than 4,000 bank heists are reported in the United States this year, up 10 per cent from last year. Nonetheless, New York Police Commissioner Robert J. McGuire and Mayor Edward Koch have declared war on the bandits. Two special police units have

been mobilized to combat the thefts. One group of plainclothes cops will be lying in wait, ready to bashwork would-be robbers. Another group will be on alert to crash possible to the scene of the crime and give chase if necessary.

Joseph A. Winesworth, assistant vice-president and security officer for Banco de Puerto Rico, the largest Puerto Rican bank in the city, remains unsurprised by the tough task emanating from city hall and the police department. Expecting the worst, he has installed a sign, in each of the 10 branches of the bank, which begs pardon of would-be robbers. THIS IS A SPANISH SPEAKING BANK. IF YOU INTEND TO ROB US, PLEASE BE PATIENT. FOR WE MIGHT HAVE AN INTERVIEWER. THANK YOU. THE MANAGEMENT. Patrick King

Merrily down the stream to 1980

President Jimmy Carter's week on a Mississippi riverboat, the Delta Queen, was billed as a vacation. But it was a vacation that Frank Trudner and Joe Clark took two months off last spring during the Carter election campaign. Carter's trip was in fact part politics, a signal that the 1980 presidential campaign has already begun and that the momentum is running for him.

During his 480-mile trip from St. Paul, Minnesota—where the one episode of a sign read away from the river would be a sign of the creek—was St. Louis, Missouri, Carter spoke to tens of thousands of people at stops along the way, shook as many hands, kissed babies, performed by the camera and appeared on a helpline show. He was up most nights and back at it before dawn in a breathless display of campaigning. Although Carter counseled with advisers who said he was running for re-

election, "it's not a partisan campaign for the Democratic party or me," he argued. "It's a campaign for a stronger country and a comprehensive energy policy."

On the surface, at least, Carter's trip was a success. The crowd went big and loudly and seemed to confirm his self-

Carter on the Delta Queen, some vacation



made view that the Washington press corps gets an overly bleak picture of his administration's Mideast. But the press traveling with Carter reported many people were unimpressed by its encounters with the president. "I didn't hear him say 'hi,'" said Dr. Walter Dwyer, an Iowa physician who was traveling with Carter on the Delta Queen. "But he hasn't produced." In Hannibal, Missouri, Rosemary Packwood claimed a doctor that said, "I would like to see him, but I would like to see him say 'hi.'" Carter also encountered press criticism for not being in Washington during the week to sort out his administration's Mideast policy, reportedly in dismay. Carter called such reports "hysterical" and "grossly exaggerated" and refused to bow to the pressure to cut short his trip. He planned Jody Powell has press secretary. "There's absolutely nothing he could be doing this week that would be more important than what he is doing. The foreign policy fight wins just tips and not the sort of thing that would have caused the president to fly back to Washington."

Jan Uggahuis



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Arafat's film and Egyptian computer plot. Arafat's film and Egyptian computer plot.

At sea but far too close for comfort

Canadian hopes suffered a setback last week as U.S. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger interrupted two years of debate by announcing his support of an Alaska pipeline route that bypasses Canada altogether. Such a pipeline, however, would place the B.C. Columbia coastline under the threat of oil spills and environmental damage caused by oil tankers travelling between Alaska and northern Washington state.

One of four potential Alaska oil pipeline routes under consideration, the "Northern Tier" route is 8150 to 10,000 (U.S.) project backed by U.S. Steel, Westinghouse Electric and several other large American companies. The Schlesinger scheme would see Alaska oil shipped down the B.C. coast to Port Angeles, Wash., a point just opposite Victoria at the bottom tip of Vancouver Island, and from there be carried by pipeline 1,600 miles across country to Minnesota, never once touching Canadian soil.

Schlesinger ruled out, on economic grounds, the route most favoured by Canada—"PacifiLine," at \$4.56 billion, the

most expensive of the four projects, which would bring the oil by land through Canada to the U.S. Midwest in a pipeline parallel to the Alaska Highway, the route already approved for the long-awaited natural gas pipeline from the North. The PacifiLine project, proposed by Western TransAlta Inc. (a subsidiary of Vancouver and Alaska Gas Trunk Line of Calgary), was the support of the Trudeau government last April because it would provide access to Canadian oil in the Beaufort Sea as well as cutting down tanker traffic off the B.C. coast and making work for Canadian steel mills and contractors. The new Clark government has so far remained strongly silent on the subject.

The PacifiLine pipeline was the only one of the four proposals that Schlesinger rejected outright. He gave qualified support for two cheaper proposals that would also cross Canada and increase tanker traffic off B.C. the \$685-million (U.S.) Trans Mountain project, which would bring Alaskan oil by pipeline from Law Point, Wash., near Port Angeles, up to Edmonton and thence down to the U.S. Midwest; and the \$850-



million Altona project, which would bring the oil by pipeline from Edmonton, B.C., about 600 miles north of Vancouver, down to the U.S. Schlesinger's qualification: Canada must approve one or the other by Nov. 15—a deadline that may prove impossible to meet as Canada's National Energy Board has not scheduled hearings on the projects until Oct. 2.

While the Clark government has failed so far to respond to Schlesinger's announcement, the PacifiLine consortium in Canada has lashed out, charging that the U.S. energy secretary—who claims to leave the Carter cabinet within a few weeks—has rejected the only route the Canadian government ever supported. As for choosing the Northern Tier route, PacifiLine's Pipe President R.C. Phillips charged Schlesinger has "unconsciously kept alive the one project Canada totally rejected." He said U.S. officials obviously are getting dollar savings ahead of concerns for oil spills off Canada's coast.

The debate isn't over yet, and there may still be a ray of hope for PacifiLine's supporters since neither Schlesinger nor secretary designate Charles Duncan have the final word on the matter, though their opinion is persuasive. First, the department of interior must make its recommendation, which is expected by mid-October, and then President Jimmy Carter is to make a final decision by the end of the year. The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency has called PacifiLine's proposal the "most environmentally sound" of the three.

Ken Urganait

Shoring up the plowshares

Corporate strategy at Massey-Ferguson Ltd. has added a new dimension last week. Last week, Canada's rising multinational firm equipment manufacturer giant unveiled a \$600-million proposal calling on investors to undertake the purchase of 10% of the most common risk—of paying in huge amounts of new capital at a time when the company's future remains uncertain.

Massey's plan, though the details are still sketchy, is to raise new shares worth somewhere between \$300 and \$500 million—one full swap offering the ownership stake of the company by up to 50 per cent. A startling move engineered by Massey Chairman Conrad Black and President Victor Rice, such a massive re-financing is without Canadian precedent. While some observers are describing it as a brilliant manoeuvre toward Massey's imminent return to prosperity and profitability, a few



see a shadow in an uneasy effort to shore up faltering cash flows in a company that still has a long way to go.

Rice and Black failed to the new investors when they took over Massey in the midst of its \$257-million loss last year, so far have trimmed losses by nearly three-quarters and are predicting they will put Massey into a break-even position by year's end. While the long-term outlook for the company may be positive, the short-term problems are still dire: a negative cash flow and nearly \$50 million of the long-term debt must be paid by the end of the year. It's clear that Massey—Canada's seventh-largest company—needs a large infusion of cash to get over these immediate hurdles.

Not coincidentally, a new share issue also gave Black the opportunity he has been seeking to increase his grip on Massey through Angus Corp. Ltd., Massey's largest single shareholder. Currently holding just over 18 per cent of Massey's stock, Angus, controlled by Black, can be expected to increase its interest under the

Rice, set from under the company heap

share offering, though by how much no one knows. With some speculation, however, that Angus might even go as high as 40 per cent or more, the move is clearly part of the new Black-installed Angus strategy of seeing legal shingles at its portfolio companies. With his own office located at Massey's Toronto head office rather than at Angus, Black, a doing more than taking a mild interest in Massey's well-being, has joined his future and his reputation to maintain the fortunes of Angus cash—an ability to drive Massey out from under the company heap.

Exchange houses—though refusing to discuss the proposed Massey share offering, with their efforts have been worked out—say it will probably be two months before the exact amount of the offering is known and perhaps longer before the shares are offered on the market. That would almost bring the date to Massey's Oct. 31 year-end and a possible glimpse at the company's full 1978 performance—no doubt revealing a few factors of extension which potential investors might find useful in guiding their deliberations.

Anthony Whittingham



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In Japan the Women's Christian Temperance Union has taken an another crusade. Following in the train-of-the-century footsteps of *Carey Miller*, who literally took a hatchet to barroom stools to save Americans from alcohol, Tokyo activist *Kikuo Takahashi* is out for the blood of hundreds of thousands of Japanese men who annually head off to nearby Seoul, Taipei, Manila and Bangkok on "sex trips." Armed with pamphlets, the WCTU activists have been out in force at Tokyo's Narita airport. "How insensitive can you be? Forming up squads to go off and buy girls?" taunts the pale green leader. Under the slogan "Stop Boy-Girl Tours" Takahashi and her group have been attempting to explain the nature of "sexual imperialism" which has made the all-male ecotourism a million-dollar industry in the past five years. Under attack are President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines and his famed wife as bawdiest wife, *Imelda Marcos*, who Takahashi says are actively promoting tourist industries and thus are "selling their women to our men in packages of hundreds, yeh."

Boston Pops' audiences may soon be following a bawdiest train (if *Stop Along With Me*) manager *Mitch Miller* has his way. "It's like asking a violinist if he'd like to play a Stradivarius, but first they have to ask you," Miller told *McGraw-Hill* when asked about his Pops aspirations. Qualifications aren't a problem, for the past 35 years Miller, 68, has been guest conducting orchestras

from London, Ontario, to Tokyo—the climax of a career that began 63 years ago when he joined the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra as an oboist. A spokesman for the Pops confirmed that Miller is a popular candidate, along with Star Wars composer *John Williams*, assistant conductor and local favorite *Mary Elia Donovan*, guest conductor *John Corigliano* and about 30 others. It is obvious, however, that Miller has an attitude to make that would have met with approval from the Pops' former *Paul Popp*, *Arthur Fiedler*, who died July 21 at 84. Of the Pops' classical compromise, Miller says, "You don't seduce people by stuffing them down their throats and having them regurgitate them. I can do a Bach prelude, explain it in a few words and have them loving it." Of conducting, he says, "The only thing that beats it is great love-making."

Yes, Virginia, there is a *Bonnie Bell*. The queen of a romantic empire that stretches from Sweden to New Zealand, *Bonnie Bell* is alive and well—and—returning. "I wanted until I could be a mile before I came out of the closet," says the 64-year-old chairman of the board, who now jogs three miles a day with her husband, *Bill Eckert*, 59, who directs international operations and oversees the operations of their son *John Eckert*, 33, who serves as president of Canadian operations after he completes his three-mile daily run. His

Robert credits his interest in running to *Joan Bell*, her 13-year-old brother, who is president of the profoundly family-run business and who she claims is "almost evangelized" about the joys of jogging. So far the family that runs together has spawned a whole product line for energetic women and a 39-kilometer (65-mile) race that will see more than 10,000 Canadian women running for the roses this year. *Bonnie Bell* Robert herself finished ninth in the over-50 age group that ran in Toronto. "I don't care whether I win, I just like to finish," says the grandmother of three. "I'm not trying to stay young. I'm just trying to grow old slowly."

Remember the social days when married women on a scale of 1 to 30, with intricate explanations for such half-pilot gained or lost? Now comes the movie and, of course, it's called 33. Another in the popular middle-aged male-erotic genre that seems to be pre-

Genre: 90 on a scale of 1 to 10



occupying middle-aged Hollywood, the film features *Bonnie Bell* as a computer who becomes disenchanted with her life, his work and his *Mary Poppins* girl friend *Julie Andrews*. At 63, Moore's character stalks off in search of the maternal girl of his dreams, whom he finds just as she begins her honeymoon. Unhappily, he finds the 18-year-old beauty and soon he has results that should inflame North Americans this fall. Finding a "13" woman preoccupied director *Blake Edwards*, until California-born *Bo Derek*, 33, walked her credentialed into his office. Married to director *John Derek*, the former *Mary* Carlson Collins is out from the same mold as his previous wives, *Ursula Andress* and *Linda Evans*. "I don't think I'm a 10, but other people say I am, which is very flattering," says Derek, who checks in at 38-32-34, which makes her at least a 9.5.

Oh, the witty repartee that passes between author and publisher. *Margaret Atwood* and *Jack McClelland* glued themselves to bathroom chairs and prepared to sign 500 pages to be heard in promotion copies of her new novel, *Life Before Man*. Protocol? McClelland: "I sort of like mine show yours." Atwood: "No, no, Jack. Alphabetical order, please." McClelland: "You need a thinner pen." Atwood: "Let me try your pen." Atwood: "No. Let's face it, Jack, our pens reflect our personalities. I'm thin and delicate and you're, uh, thick."

McClelland and Atwood, witty repartee



Order and thickness established, the pair spent two hours inscribing, then the pages were whisked off to be inserted into a special soft-cover edition of the Atwood novel which will be published in hard-cover in late September. The special editions will be received by 500 handicapped Canadian notables who have been invited to read the novel simultaneously next weekend. The book is a psycho-mechanical sci-fi/drama of which is set amid the dinosaur skeletons of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. "Suppose someone doesn't like the book after the weekend?" McClelland asked. "It's not going to happen." Atwood bravely replied:

"There were more than a few cases of *Tigger*'s raised eyebrows last spring on Parliament Hill when Dominion Commissioner *Gordon Steller* sat down at his keyboard 300 feet above ground level in the Peace Tower and began playing *Angie Boler* and *Robert Noz*. "We had to do it early in the morning because after 7 a.m. the traffic noise interferes," says *Rick Butler*, 32, who was producing an album called *Peace Tower Christmas* featuring Steller and 33 bells. Recently tourists were treated to another unusual assault on the senses as *Santa Claus* joined Steller in the belfry for a few pictures and a discussion of the record's content. "I was thrilled. Who wouldn't be?" says Steller, 33, at his celebrity visitation, one of few he has had since all of his earplugging is done in a soundproof room between the bells. Next, Steller hopes to ring out a popular music album that will bring carillon

music to a mass audience because, as he points out, "most carillon records are by or about, so eastern, that it's as though the carillon were recording only for other carillonists."

He wakes, he talks and, yes, he skates. "I think some of the kids think I'm not playing so I can't wait, but I don't have any problems. I skate often, but I don't skate hard," said retired national defenseman *Bobby Orr*, 31, who was celebrated by the city of Ottawa on "Bobby Orr Day." Aug. 23 Crowds lined the streets of *Minor City* for a Bobby Orr parade, followed by a Bobby Orr reception in the Bobby Orr Lounge, a 44 Bobby Orr luncheon and a Bobby Orr golf tournament. The \$25,000 proceeds were donated to the Bobby Orr Sports Therapy Clinic, which Orr has personally funded to the tune of \$60,000. A special presentation of the day was a painting done by *Gilmore*, Ontario, artist *John Richmond*. It was delivered to Orr by five 15-year-olds who were all born on Dec. 18, 1946—the day Orr scored his first goal for the *Ottawa Senators* on home ice. Then Orr guided the 1,483 hushers over a three-pedal rail of his career charted on a three-panel mural, also done by artist *Richmond*. Head to the records called out from Orr's recollections, including *Darryl Stiller*, *Henri Richard*, *Bodie Shack* and *Phil Esposito*. "Without you I'd be lucky to be making more than 30 grand today," was Esposito's vacillating tribute. Bobby Orr smiled.

Edited by *Martha Bouton*

Orr: a hockey legend's life in a frame





Sports

A good kick in the grass

By Hal Gurn

Kith Eddy, former international soccer star in England, stood in the sun in Largo, Florida, this spring watching a handful of hopefuls trying out for the Toronto Blizzard, the newly formed entry into the North American Soccer League (NASL). As yet another shot sailed yards wide of the goal, he muttered, "Rubbish! Rubbish! Rubbish!"

His exclaimations, and expressions, were common to devotees of the world's most popular sport as they witnessed its transplant in North America. For the instant, watched on Stanley Matthews, George Best, Eusebio, Pelé, the introduction of "soccerball" to the New World was like Canadians trying to teach the Soviets how to play hockey... in 1986.

"It was my first game over here at Sea Drome in 1955," says Eddy, now coach of the Blizzard, "we waited around for the start of the game for 20 minutes. I couldn't believe the prancing cheerleaders, let alone that we were waiting for a helicopter to land at midfield. I thought it might be some dignitary, but when a guy in a gorilla outfit finally bopped out, I said to the coach, 'If this is America, then you can stuff it.'"

But in a dozen years, thanks to millions of dollars directed toward the likes of Pelé, market research and old-fash-

ioned Yankee salesmanship, soccer has gripped Canada and the U.S. and is threatening to take hold.

Soccer is the major sport in 138 countries, and it was inevitable that it would be preferred to the inauspicious sporting appetites of North America. The appetites were unappealing. The United Soccer Association imported entire teams from around the world and staged menagerie matches in 1967. The same year, the National Professional Soccer League tried bleeding imported stars and home-brewed talent with equal results. The two merged in '68 to form the NASL, which, in its various formats, has ranged from five, to eight, to 10, to 16, to 28, to its present 24-team alignment.

It wasn't until the open-checkbook philosophy of major-league sport as practiced in New York (by the football Jets, baseball Yankees and hockey Rangers) was applied to soccer that the experiment became credible. In 1975 the New York Cosmos bought a national sensation, "the Pearl," Pelé, from Brazil. "It was a million-dollar gamble that could have bombed," says Cosmos' marketing director, Demetris Florio. "Our first goal was to attract the media, and as one can guess Pelé." The scribbles took the bar, and the crowds followed the headlines and Pelé to the stadium. As Bobby Hull's million-dollar deal with Winnipeg gave the World Hockey Association an attraction and creditabil-

ity, Pelé, the world's best in his prime, gave it all to the NASL.

The audience in the formative years were supposedly British, European and South American born. The game was part of their heritage. The franchises marketed the game with the ethnic audience in mind, until the league did a demographic study of the fans. The results were shocking, a harbinger for the 1980s in North American pro sport. Among other things, the study showed that the marketers were all wrong.

Surely the ethnic population would support the game, however close it came to "rubbish" in their estimation. But the computer printed out: 22 per cent college educated; 11 per cent earn \$35,000 or more, 36 per cent under 17 years of age, 45 per cent purchased sports equipment in the preceding 12 months. Translate—professional, active suburbanites and/or kids, and women. Soccer, it turns out, is second only to tennis in attracting female fans, fully 39 per cent. Thus it shouldn't be surprising that in 1979 there are more girls eager to play soccer in New York state than boys to play football.

"Our prospects on buying a NASL franchise is a 24-inch-thick book," says Blizzard President Paul Morion. Global Communications Ltd. purchased the Metro-Crosses in February for \$1.6



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million, renaming it the *Hinsdale*. "The report covers everything, including the impact of such things as Proposition 13 in California." The "tax revolt" there was seen as a bellwether for cutbacks in school budgets that would affect high cost sports such as football and hockey. "Ginsdale wanted a TV and advertising vehicle with a future. Everything pointed to soccer as the sport of the '80s," says Merton. If any confirmation was needed, the 50-to-50 Hinsdale attracted more than 30,000 fans to their played game against New York two weeks ago—for a game played at one o'clock on a Thursday afternoon.

The response has been even more dramatic in Vancouver, home of the soccer Whitecaps, the football Lions and the hockey Canucks. The Whitecaps celebrate the long-established Lions in their home park and easily surpass the hapless Canucks. Winners of their division of the NASL the past two years, the Whitecaps drew an average of more than 15,000 per game last year and more than 20,000 this year.

Vancouver Island and the mainland, long a magnet for immigrants from the British Isles, have a "football heritage" dating back to the 1870s. The Whitecaps are the beneficiary in the stands and on the field. More than 20 first-stringers in the NASL came from B.C. 13 B.C.ers are on the Whitecaps roster. Edmonton millionaire sports entrepreneur Peter Pocklington bought the Oakland franchise and moved it north this year. With the help of corporate fans from his 66-manative Offshore National Hockey League franchise, the Drifters attracted an average of more than 18,000 people to each home game at Comco's Westbank Stadium, a record for NASL expansion teams. Pocklington jumped on the bandwagon for \$3.5 million. "It looked like a left of

Tampa Bay action and Blizard coach Ed E. "This is America, then you can stuff it."



a business proposition," he says, undaunted by the Drifters' other NASL record this year—14 consecutive losses. "The purchase price was high, but I looked at it as a five-year deal. By 1984 the franchise will be worth \$10 million."

Any sport well played can be attractive. At the international level, it was the NASL, anyway, soccer offers continuous action punctuated by often dazzling skill to a North American audience raised on the hoodies and whistle-stops of football, commercial breaks and the new "dumb-and-dumb" style of hockey. To schools and amateur associations, it offers an inexpensive competitive sport without the dilapidations and controversies of football and the taunting games of hockey. And it is at the amateur level that the future of the NASL lies. The more than 10,000 boys and 3,500 girls under age 14, and the more than 20,000 under 10 players of the game in B.C., the

up to 18,000 registered amateur players in Alberta and like numbers in Ontario and across the country give substance to Merton's and Pocklington's shared dream of fielding 21 frontline Canadians.

This year, the 24 NASL teams had to start at least five native-born or naturalized Canadians or Americans. Next season it will be three, graduating to six by 1984 ("That may have to be slowed down," Pocklington realistically admits.) But it is still a game of "hours," exemplified by the league's most successful franchise (averaging more than \$6,000 fans per game), the New York Cosmos, who field top international household names Franz Beckenbauer and Giorgio Chinaglia. The Los Angeles Aztecs have, arguably, the world's best player today, Johan Cruyff, and Detroit Express has Trevor Francis. Yet among the stars are Canadians Robert Larsson of the Washington Diplomats, Wes Malenod of Tampa Bay's Rowdies, Dan Lennox of San Francisco and American Kyle Rote Jr., of Houston, who won the scoring championship in 1979, and Rick Davis of the Cosmos.

The dream of all-Canadian or all-American sides (U.S. players have taken to calling the NASL the Neo-American Soccer League) is years away, just as the years of "rubber" are past. A top English international player, Alan Ball, playing last week for Vancouver in the playoffs, says that when he first came over in 1977 his mates chided him for taking a "softer vacation." But, he says, "I was pleasantly surprised. The top NASL teams would rate about the middle of England's second division (an assessment seconded by Eduardo's British captain, Colin Fennell) but the culture is improving dramatically each year."

Such franchise is fierce, if not committed, to the development of native players and the majority should be around long enough to follow through. Aside from the usual exceptions, the NASL is well-known for having among its owners the Texas billionaire Lamar Hunt, Warner Communications, Lipton Tea, Madison Square Garden, Global Communications, Pocklington. As well, Molson's Brewery is considering purchase of the Rochester team and the NASL is in Montreal. The American Broadcasting Corporation will televise nine games this year.

The Soccer Bowl will be played at Giants Stadium, home of the Cosmos, Sept. 8. A \$100 million effort is expected if the men spending the millions on the NASL have read the same scenario, if soccer can add Canada and the U.S. to the countries it captivates, the game may turn out to be to football and hockey what it is double endorsed to be in the Tampa Bay Rowdies' fight song, "A kick in the grass." □

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Education

With hugs, raisins and help

In many suburban homes magnets clasp grocery lists or hockey schedules to fridge doors but in Angelina Trentin's kitchen there are photos of jams, yogurt and cookies. Her 12-year-old, Robert, lopes in and grins, pointing to his favorite treat. It took Angelina Trentin and her late husband, Marco, three weeks to teach their severely retarded son to point, rather than to scream and shove for snacks. Part of a program to help parents train their retarded or autistic children, the simple idea was conceived by Florence Lantshere, one of seven Toronto-area women — each, herself, a mother of a mentally handicapped youngster.

"Parents of the handicapped are best equipped, through experience, to help them in the same situations," says Dr. Malcolm Garber, a professor at the De-



Angelina Trentin and son now rewards

tario Institute for Studies in Education (TISE), who began the program two years ago. "Unlike many professionals, they don't make judgments or tell parents what they should do with their

kids. They simply teach parents how to teach."

The Garber outreach program has been described by Professor Leonard Kaplan of Michigan's Wayne State University as more "professional" and effective than comparable programs in 60

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U.S. communities. "Because these women have been through similar problems, parents readily accept them into their homes and listen to them," he says.

Other Canadian groups have recognized the value of parents helping one another. The Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded has "Pilot Parent" programs at nearly 38 of its 390 chapters across the country, matching parents of retarded newborns with experienced volunteers. (There are 706,336 retarded persons in Canada.) And Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry

has encouraged parents of autistic children to meet informally to discuss their mutual problems (Autism, a mental condition of undetermined cause characterized by a withdrawal from reality, affects four out of every 10,000 Canadians.)

But Garber's program takes the concept of parent help several steps further. Paid \$100 for 20 hours' work each week, the women are trained intensively in behavioral modification techniques before visiting the homes. On regular visits, they urge parents to select goals for their child, design a series



Garber teaches parent teachers.

of tasks to reach the goal, and give guidance along the way. The child's favorite treats—rasins, candies, bags or whatever—are given as rewards for completing tasks. Punishment is not used.

For Angelica Trevisin, it meant that each time Robert wanted a snack, she lifted his hand and pointed at a picture. When he simply yelled or pushed her, she ignored him and didn't give a treat. He soon caught on.

To date, 148 families have been visited regularly by the Garber-trained parents. This fall, Ontario legislators will be asked to continue funding the program at \$80,000 a year. "It's effective and very good," says Faith Mills of the ministry of community and social services. "If only four children become more manageable and remain home as a result, the program has justified itself financially," says CCR program coordinator Mary Perry. One year's institutional care costs about \$20,000 per child.

In human terms, the program's worth to parents is immeasurable. Says Angelica Trevisin: "If I die before Robert, at least now I know he will be able to do some things for himself." But, for some, the reward comes too late. After months of coaching by his father, Robert finally repeated his first and only word, "papa"—45 minutes after Maria Trevisin died.

Diane Praeger

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Energy

Building new houses sunny side up

The idea gaining ground in the race to harness the sun's energy has nothing to do with expensive and sometimes leaky solar collectors mounted on sloping rooftops, fans, motors or tricky heat storage systems. By-passing the fancy hardware, a few architects, engineers and planners are turning instead to passive solar heating. With its old-fashioned south-facing windows, new-fashioned insulation and judiciously placed masses of concrete and earth, it has the potential to alter the face of new home and suburban design.

Passive solar systems can save 50 per cent or more on fuel bills, says Eugene Cuplikin, a Toronto consulting engineer who prepared a technical paper for the national conference of the Solar Energy Society of Canada in Charlottetown, P.E.I., last week. But passive solar has not been widely recognized or supported with Canadian research and development. "One of the problems is that there is very little money available," says Cuplikin.

Society's technical committee is the main reason, according to Ottawa architect Bruce Gough, that the government has aimed research money chiefly at active solar systems. Furthermore, says Gough, passive solar technology is so simple that engineers can't put a handle on why it works, and that makes them skeptical.

But a Gough-designed passive solar house in the Gaisseau Hills of Quebec is standing proof that passive works. With an expanse of glass on its southern exposure and a relatively windowless northern front, it earned a price tag of \$67,900 and an annual heating bill of less than \$300. It is also a sharp contrast to experimental active solar energy houses where the price tag for the heating system alone can reach \$65,000.

P.E.I.'s Conserve One, an energy conserving house just outside Charlottetown, was built with the aid of government funds. The privately funded Institute of Man and Resources last winter monitored the three-bedroom house that sits on a wooden foundation, backs into a low hillside allowing earth to insulate exterior walls and has a concentration of thermal windows on

P.E.I.'s Conserve One (above), Ottawa architect Bruce Gough, new window on the sun



the south face. It sold recently for less than \$28,000, cost less than \$975 to heat last year and saved an estimated 50 per cent in energy using passive solar and propane heat.

"Part of the idea is that it is not unlike your average home," says Stewart Beckie, project co-ordinator for the institute. "It even has a patio door, which is supposed to be bad." Of passive solar energy, he says "I'm sure it's going places. More than anything else, it is a question of building an energy-efficient, low-cost house that takes maximum advantage of the sun. It is a question of design rather than hardware."

On the Prairies, Saskatoon builder

Keith Pask has included Trombe walls—vertical masses of concrete behind glass that capture sunlight and radiate heat into the house—as standard features in 50 houses. Pried from \$45,000 to \$60,000, Pask says they can be heated by electricity for \$30 to \$100 a year. And in B.C., Vancouver's government-assisted Kitsilano townhouse development has been described as perhaps the most ambitious passive solar project on the continent.

But even those committed to passive solar design are not convinced of its future. Gough, who was hired by the National Research Council to identify what has to be done to develop passive solar in Canada, says "Whether or not it will ever get done is another question. There is no money. Nothing. Federal response is disappointingly low." Earlier this year he received funds from Energy Mines and Resources, Canada (EMR) to compile a report on passive solar heating in Canada, but now says EMR may lack the expertise to evaluate it.

Meanwhile in Ontario, the government viewpoint is shifting. While that province has undertaken "a fairly significant research and development effort in the entire solar and renewable area, most of it has been related to active solar energy," says Ron Fung, urban development adviser for the conservation and renewable energy branch. The province's ministry of energy will soon publish its report on how new subdivisions can be designed to make the best use of passive solar gains. "I think we've come to the realization that active solar is far from being available to a large number of people," says Fung. "In the near future, we expect much more use of passive solar research and development than out of active."

Susan Soucoup/Barbara Robson



Archeology

The mystery of an old child

Suzanne Zwarg

Last month the grass on Woodpecker Island Bluff had baked to a brown, powdery crust in the dry heat that had persisted in southern Alberta since spring. A heart-stopping distance below the bluff ran the muddy Oldman River, sluggish and shallow. The rattlesnakes came out often to warm themselves in the sun. The archaeologists, clustered precariously on the rim of the 75-foot cliff, were careful of avoiding both the snakes and the mid-afternoon heat. It was appropriate that the men searching for evidence of the dawn of man in North America should start their days shortly after dawn. But even with an early start, the painstaking sifting of sand was uncomfortable, tiring, and so far, fruitless.

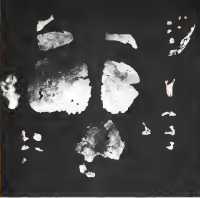
It has been almost two decades since

Dr. Archie Stalker stumbled across the bones that have since plagued his life. A geologist, Stalker was supervising a routine geological survey north of Taber, Alberta, when a field assistant spotted a handful of bones sticking out of a sandy bank above the Oldman River. Assuming the skeleton scraps belonged to some small animal, Stalker bagged them and dispatched them to Ottawa for testing to verify his geological findings. But at the National Museum of Man, paleontologist Wann Langston took one look and recognized the skull and bits of shoulder bone as human. The skull turned out to be that of a nine-month-old child. But it was the age of the bones that was astounding. The child died at least 23,000 years ago—perhaps as long ago as 30,000 BC.

The discovery touched off a controversy that still rages in the scientific

world. In 1991, scientists maintained that man had arrived on the North American continent a mere 12,000 years before. The experts weren't about to change their opinion on the basis of a geologist's accidental finding. But Stalker stuck with his bones, although he laments that they have been a nuisance because they disrupt his usual work. Scientists had since come around to believing that man did make it to America somewhat earlier, but if Taber Child, as Stalker's skull has become known, died where it was found, under the remains of two ice ages, then preliminary will have to be rewritten as a worldwide ban.

This summer, Stalker was back on the bluff, a part of a seven-person expedition mounted by Dr. R.G. Furlan, acting head of the University of Calgary's archeological department. Thick Furlan's



Team at Alberta dig (left). Taber Child skull fragments, the find science can't explain, can't deny

like Stalker, has been "poking around in the gully" for almost 20 years, but it took all these years to raise the money and assemble talent necessary to mount a serious dig. The orange sands which yielded the skeleton have been buried by the eroding slope in the meantime, 350 tons had to be moved away with a dragline simply to get at the 100-square-yard area under excavation.

Science has tried to dispute the find because the bones shouldn't have been where they were. Worse still, critics say, a reputable archaeologist didn't find them by orthodox means. But Furlan and the University of Toronto's U.S. (Rafael) Charlier, a paleontologist, find the alternative unlikely—that someone brought in this continent a 60,000-year-old skull and buried it on an obscure Alberta riverbank on the off-chance that it would be eventually found.

"I don't see where else it could have come from but where it was found," says Furlan. Adds Charlier: "The simplest solution is often the best." But to prove that a child's body simply floated down a river 30,000 years ago—as they firmly believe—they must find more evidence. Mere of the skeleton would be best but it could be scattered miles upstream. "We'd love a couple of pounds of old bones," says Charlier, "because that would be enough to radiocarbon

date and study from various chemical and chemical angles." (Taber Child was too small and too valuable to be destroyed by radiocarbon dating.) Adds field supervisor Mike Wilson: "Even actual bones in the same study that yielded Taber Child would do but so far none have been found. Lacking bones, the sands themselves could be chemically analysed against the sand connected to the skull."

If it looks worse than finding a needle in a haystack, Furlan and his colleagues are optimistic. "If Taber Child was 2,000 years old, we wouldn't be doing this," says Charlier. "It's a big gamble but if it pays off, it'll be worth it." If they can prove their case it means that North American man was further advanced at an earlier time than supposed—to get to southern Alberta, man would have had to reach the clothing and fire stage. "It's complex but not quite impossible," says Charlier. "There's a lot of sheer, dumb luck involved. The same kind of dumb luck ascribed the 60,000-year-old Tzeng Child in Africa 60 years ago."

"There's really no rush about this," says Furlan patiently. "If it takes 100 years, it takes 100 years. Each time we have a new idea, we'll come back and try again." Charlier predicts even a lifetime of looking. "I can foresee all the funding eventually disappearing, while Dick and Archie Stalker, Mike and I keep coming back, year after year, for another look." ☐

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'Tis the season to be crazy . . . fa-la-la-la

The secret, of course, is to keep your eye on a grape and your mouth agape. Forty-two-year-old Paul Tavila can probably do it better than any man alive. And two weeks ago the source of pottiness and potties paid off in a big way. For Tavila captured the world record for catching a tossed grape in the month. The purple missile had been thrown at an incredible 250 feet and four inches.

Tavila's original record of 261 feet in July, 1977, had been broken by a Louisiana grape catcher (he managed a 289-foot feat) earlier this year. Now, mending in front of the New England Prostate Center in Chicopee, Massachusetts, Tavila waited as Mike Weir, a police officer from a nearby town, wound up his pitching arm. Then, Officer Weir shot the grape forward. Tavila moved to one side, clamped his mouth shut over his catch, and stood motionless while tapes were brought for the measurement. A cheer went up from the sidelines. It was a historic moment.

There are those who claim that grape catching and cow chip tossing and to-been juice spitting and fired worm eating and the rest are all a lot of pointless nonsense. But there are others who say that they're the spine of American life, the foundation of folklore for the future, and the best possible punishment for the long hot summer when the United States traditionally goes dog-day crazy.

Now, Vince Lofanti, 55, an electrical engineer, has published what is believed to be the most comprehensive list of

wacky competitions held in the U.S. each year. He hopes to publish one for Canada by 1991. His 96-page study, somewhat precariously named *Guide to Dumbest Contests in America*, carries information on 170 such oddities throughout the country. He believes there may be as many as 1,000.

"These competitions are frequently a reflection of history or they are something connected with a local industry, such as the chicken plucking contest in Florida," says Lofanti. "The chicken industry is big in part of the state and they have immortalized it, very nearly, with their unusual chicken plucking contest. It's generally wonderful who compose. A team of four will line up before a stack of chickens and then just go at 'em and chew 'em in a minimum amount of time. A team of four women plucked a total of 12 chickens in 67 seconds. As I put it, the fashions really did fly!"

As an example of the more historic event, Lofanti records attending the National Hallmark Contest in Quincy's Corner, North Carolina, each year. "It is fantastic. The open enthusiasm and participation of the people can't be matched. It's all based on a custom going back to the days before television and radio when the only means of communication between faraway neighbors in the mountains was to holler. Each man would have his own special holler,

and one kind of shout would just mean 'good morning' while another might mean that someone was sick and there was an emergency."

Said Lofanti: "They say that in the old days three or four neighbors would all join together in a symphony of hollers. There are some marvelous yellies. And they can carry for a mile or more." Among the other contests that have caught Lofanti's imagination are races for frogs, turtles, one-legged men and crabs. Lofanti's own favorite is the cow chip tossing contest in Beaver, Oklahoma.

"This again started from the old days out on the plains where these cow chips were extremely and unusually available," says Lofanti. "After they had been out under the sun for a few months they dried into a very compact and substantial bundle, shaped in the form of a saucer. The cowboys used them, out of boredom, for tossing competitions. To compensate that makes the local people today have the official contest. One of the aspects that I just love is that they have a special division for professional politicians."

There are at least three chicken flying competitions. Each bird is put in a box on top of a 15-foot-high wall, then the box lid is suddenly opened. The chicken steps out, finds himself falling through the air and starts flapping. Some go as far as 150 feet.

Says Lofanti: "The sort of enthusiasm of the people who attend these different contests exceeds the enthusiasm you see from the people who attend a football game or a baseball game. Contest people are a unique breed. If we were evaluated by a psychologist, he would find some characteristics that are different from normal people. The spontaneous fun from an unusual contest is far greater than from profes-

sional activities. And it's a very American thing. Crazy, but we love it."

Dr. Barry Pearson, assistant professor and chairman at the University of Maryland, is not at all sure that many of the unusual contests are really folklore in the making and suspects that, rather, they are commercially inspired by business to attract tourists. "For example, how traditional could a tractor pull be in terms of time?" asks Pearson. "On the other hand it seems to be very traditional in using that type of farm technology for fun, whether it would be cars or horses or something like that. I can tell you that these contests are booming. We seem to be getting more and more of them."

All traditions have to start somewhere. There must be a beginning and one test of their "folkness" might be how long they last. With they will be thriving and catching grapes in 150 years?

Some events certainly seem to have the makings of history and maybe deserve to be continued. Take for instance the "Smokers-Whippers-Boxers Marathon" which began and ended, appropriately enough, at Barn in Loveland, Denver, Colorado, last July. With several stops at watering holes along the way, nearly 60 out-of-shape "marathon" runners managed to jog, walk, limp or stumble the 18 long blocks involved and raise several thousand dollars in the process.

The marathon was for the benefit of Jeff Perrelli who was shot in the head in June when he ordered three men out of The Tiger Tapes, a bar where he worked as a doorman. The 34-year-old boxer needs about \$2,000 a week for medical expenses. Runners either had been divided to organize the event to help raise money for their friend. There is talk now of it becoming an annual affair with cash going to some good "drinking man's cause." Who knows, it just may replace Johnny Appleseed.

William Lowther

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Agriculture

Cutting losses on the range

Calf scours—a disease that causes dehydration and diarrhea, often leading to death—has long been the bane of cattlemen, killing 200,000 calves a year in Canada at an estimated cost of \$40 million. The disease is often associated with poor sanitation and can be caused by viruses or, most frequently, by enteropathogenic *Escherichia coli*—*E. coli* for short—microorganisms that attach themselves to the calf's stomach and intestinal walls, producing proteins which cause body fluids to collect in the stomach.

In the United States, Australia, Argentina and other large cattle-producing countries, the cost and the losses are 50 times as high as in Canada. But that should seem to be a really good reason to have a vaccine from the past, thanks to a team of Saskatchewan scientists who appear to have a solution.

Since 1913 the Veterinary Infectious Disease Organization (VIDO) has spent \$1 million to develop a vaccine that has

proven 90-per-cent effective in field tests. It's being produced by federally funded Covac-Laboratories of Toronto for cross-Canada distribution this December and should be available to U.S. producers by 1992, with world distribution thereafter.

Dr. Chris Hodgman, head of the research team of 25, says the vaccine is given to cows in two doses, one and three weeks before calving. The calves then receive antibodies through the mother's milk, preventing the *E. coli* from attaching to their intestine wall in the critical few days after birth. "Researchers have sought a cure for years and it was just a happy accident that the Canadian team landed on it," says Phil Hodgman, VIDO's executive officer. Development of the vaccine should be good news for consumers as well as calves and their owners. "It will cut production losses substantially and should at least stop any escalation of beef and milk prices," says Hodgman,

who foresees savings in the billions of dollars once the vaccine is in use around the world.

Initially, the research team had trouble obtaining research funds, with the federal and Manitoba governments initially refusing all aid. Funding came at first from a private charity—The Devonian Group of Chantable Foundations, founded by Calgary artist Kris Harvie—and then from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the University of Saskatchewan, which leases VIDO.

VIDO has negotiated a royalty agreement with Covacnaught, after refusing to sell the vaccine rights outright to interested American and European companies. Its next goal is to develop competitive vaccines, because what immunizes both virus-induced and *E. coli*-induced forms of the disease.

The team is also taking a serious look at pig scours, a similar disease that attacks swine. With luck, they'll have one in on the street, too. *Peter Garby-Gardner*

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Column

Hanging out at the shopping mall—the somatose generation sleepwalks into the '80s

By Barbara Arnold

In front of the Arcadia at Ontario's Mimico Square. One shopping centre is a black machine called a computerized sex tester. "The bad kids," the girl at the pet shop had told me, "are in the Arcadia and hanging around the cinema. The good kids are in the Five Kingdoms and the Palace." Whichever the bad kids at the Arcadia are up to it clearly does not involve the computerized sex tester. The pet shop machines along the wall are crowded

with male counterparts. They walk and eat—God, they never stop eating—Syrreham plates of colander and chips carried from one bench to another, dumped into garbage cans and replaced by new-colored drinks.

Shopping plaza are community centres for great numbers of teen-agers, it appears. This is not particularly astonishing. Teen-agers have been gathering variously on streetcars, at bowling alleys, in parks and cinemas. In earlier times one imagines that while, say, Michelangelo was painting the Sistine

very little and their eyes move only to watch one another, but it seems—and I'm making a purely unscientific judgment—that there is little real sexuality in their stares. It is all sitting up on a cash-register basis: how much the blouse cost, are those jeans from Warden or Le Chateau? There is no serious contemplation of the most suggestive qualities of the '50s and '60s. Their reality comes from the worst sort of empty '80s materialism. The vague sensa-

tion—without the moral consciousness—that somehow society has short-changed them is a descendant of the most aggressive defense of the '60s. Most of these children sitting around the shopping plazas of our land seem to have nothing and know it.

But perhaps that is precisely what the technological society of the '80s needs—the somatose generation. Having forsaken pre-industrial society a person needed at least one real skill: baking bread, tilling a field, churning a roof. Now at the lower end of the spiritual—though



Chapel (with the help of a few outstanding teen-age apprentices), the great majority of young people were running canteens, writing vaguely for the seasonal fair. But what is different about this generation—the generation of the '80s?

"He looked at me and I thought, ah my God!" the 16-year-old girl tells her awkward girl-friend as they both stood in front of Sam the Record Man.

Don't say it," replies the girl-friend bewitchingly. "You said it."

"It's true I thought, 'Oh, my God.' Well, in the '60s, they would have asked each other if there was a God. Maybe they would have marched arm-in-arm staging 'give peace a chance.' Yesterday's teen-agers, now in their 30s, might still talk about 'beliefs' and their 'Karmas.' These today would get tangled up in their careers and leather tote bags—subjugating any group demonstrations. Now they talk about jobs and where to buy the T-shirt 'that girl over there is wearing.' In fact, they talk

not necessarily success-oriented—scale people need to learn less than they ever did. One can push a button on an assembly line or fill up a gun tank without stirring the brain too deeply. All the same, I can't share the total pessimism of most of my years about these apparent lumps of blankness: weeping from shop to shop on Saturday afternoon. I remember the lines of Yeats. The best lack all conviction; while the worst are filled with passionate beliefs. Now, lacking all conviction, we lack all conviction. Since these children are not concerned with improving or changing the world, they are less likely to change themselves into the passionate pre-fabricated model of the '60s—burning, bombing, unable to tolerate any dissent. From their own materialism comes our shopping plazas here, as yet, few more. The words and faces in their are void. It is the difference between an empty camera and a photographic picture. On a clear canvas something worldwide might be painted.





The commodity between the covers

By Marni Jackson

The store was The Albert Brittall Book Shop in Toronto, where Maclean's King once bought his books. A 19th-century air of decorum still persisted—a touch of the 80th confined to the back of the shop where new paperback best sellers were propped like *foundlings* in their ready-for-display cardboard prisms. The saleswoman was middle-aged, with a kindly face, a finger-wave and a bosom like a bookshelf. The customer was about 17. He took a piece of paper out of the back pocket of his jeans and asked, "Do you have *Baby Let Me Follow You Home*?"

The clerk's response was impeccable. "Anna," she asked, turning to another member of Brittall's loyal, bibliophilic

a former TV mini-series, or a commodity between covers. A good bookstore projects the sense that every book on the shelf reflects some kind of choice—not just volume buying of the latest best sellers. But while an independent bookstore—Dutton Books in Vancouver, Toronto's Bob Miller Book Room, Mary Sweeney Books in Winnipeg—may delight book readers, it scarcely reflects what is happening to the book business, which has become less bookish and more businesslike.

Publishers can no longer afford to act like custodians of culture, without reference to the commercial market. There are obvious economic reasons, just as the rising costs of paper, printing and shipping are sending the price of books up, the reading public is wondering whether it can afford to pay upward of

Movie books, video novels and series (left), Anna Miller of Brittall's book business—less bookish, more businesslike



\$15 for a hard-cover novel—or \$2.95 for a paperback that two years ago cost \$1.99. As more publishing houses are being bought by large corporations (Gulf and Western bought Paramount and Simon and Schuster, a sign also of the new conglomeration of the film and book industries), the mood in commercial, competitive and corporate—more avaricious, more paperbush—must be different. The lot of books for the fall looks sold but safe. *Left Before Men*, a novel by Margaret Atwood, an autobiographical book by Farley Mowat, another extravaganza from wildlife artist Glen Leaton Bookellers are hoping that Emily Carr (1941) will be the big Christmas art book. Market-tested writers also dominate the American book season, with new works due in print from Tom Wolfe, Norman Mailer and Philip Roth. Doris Lessing has a new novel, *Dancer*. Carr will be on the stands. In the wake of last year's runaway novelty book *Grossman* (the third

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best-selling fiction title in Canada last year, after Peter C. Newman's *Brownman Dynasty* and *The Wild Frontier* by Pierre Berton comes a swarm of angels, heroes, dragons and monks. A certain Canadian inclination is evident, suggesting that the perfect 1990 title would be something new but rather dull *voilà*. *The Joy of Goats: Playing Hockey for Big Bucks*.

At a promotion party for the fall McMillan and Stewart books, President Jack McClelland divided his fiction titles into the commercial-literary (including the new Atwood and The Masque of Interference by Brian Moore), the commercial (such as *Necrology* by William Devereil, winner of the \$50,000 Scot First Novel Award), and the educational-services books by established authors such as Neam Kattan and Marie-Claire Rian. The literature-for-its-own-sake category was missing. "We don't have room for publishing strictly literary titles," explained McClelland, who is neither a bookstore book buyer nor an unwilling gift businessman.

"The people doing well these days are the paperback houses, the new book packagers such as Allan Steinman of Jonathan-James [who designs, hires writers and then sells their books to publishers here and in other countries], and the literary agents. I don't see any here, during moves on the part of the publishers," says Susan Walker, editor of publishing's trade paper *Quill & Quire*. The raw of the literary agent, she says, has three legs: Louise Vardes, Bella Pomeroy and Nancy Chibbert, who has even found it necessary to hire an assistant, Mary Adachi—three more than it had as little as six years

ago), points to a new presence in the book business, that of the deal-maker: the agent who secures a Canadian manuscript to a New York publisher for \$50,000; the story editor on the prowl for good film properties.

A certain easiness is unavoidable when a novel is viewed as a potentially good movie vehicle—also an untold confidence about what works (sell!)—and what doesn't, as in an article on Hot Books in *Time*. Our film magazine, a New York story editor employed by film studios declared that "the only thing you can't go wrong with is the contemporary romance, with two people falling in love with or without conflict, getting some nicks along the way."

Yikes! *War and Peace* and *Pride*!

What the new commercialism will mean is that first novels, poetry, plays and the unconventional books accustomed to rising as publishers' casualties will get left behind in the search for the blockbuster book. Some Canadians in the book biz see such pressure as a good thing, reasoning that Canadian writers ought to prove their muscle in the marketplace, along with everyone else—that the so-called Golden Years of Canadian publishing (now declared over) were just a sweet adolescent mirage. Is culture what the grant-givers support, or what readers want to buy? Others fear that the desire to sell will threaten the Matt Cohen of Canada, forcing them to write market-tailored novels instead of following the contours of his own creative development—Matt Cohen himself being one of the few!

"As far as I'm concerned," says Beverly Slogren, woman-about-the-books-store and part-time literary agent, "the new commercialism will only be hard on the pretensions. The out-and-out commercial and the excellent will still sell." John Cheever and Tennessee are on the same best-seller list. What will be hardest hit is what art—and the moderns.

Harold Kinsman, at Roy MacKinnon, literary officer with the Canada Council, says, "On the one hand, Canadian authors now have a chance to capture a huge market, to become household names. But things are really tight, getting into print is the first place is difficult. The two big guys—McClelland and Stewart—are publishing books by Judy LaMarsh and saying no to West Coast novelist Audrey Thomas. That is not as developmental (new or capital) O'Brien will publish Audrey Thomas, but the literary press is really feeling the pinch."

The best-seller syndrome has forced the small presses to see themselves as specialists—as small presses, in fact. "The chain stores show no interest in our books," says Karl Wagner of Vancouver's Talonbooks, the country's ma-



Britton with Atwood face-out on The Wall updates chic with police-around scandality

jeur publisher of Canadian plays, "but we'll continue to print what we believe in. Distribution is the big problem; we're cultivating mailing list of names and thinking about a more direct relationship to our readers." New marketing strategies and alternate distribution schemes, mail-order catalogues and plain brown-wrappers routinized the result may be a mainstream/underground split in which literary super-markets—the chain stores—sell the best sellers and the independent bookstores deal with the rest.

The House of Atwood is one example of how things are changing. A small press that not only responded to Canadian writing—publishing books by George Grant, Margaret Atwood and Michael Ondaatje—but developed it, Atwood has survived, barely. It's clear that the days when a small, three-person press could dream of cornering the national market are gone. "Our real problem is access," says president Ann Wall. "In Canada there are about 30 or 35 bookstores who are both financially stable and willing to stock poetry. But any publisher who wants to last is cutting his throat by not publishing a few books for the larger market—if you only aim for books that sell, you can kill yourself. We just deal in a different time zone. We can sell 50,000 copies over a period of years, not in the first few days." Her voice has that calm militancy acquired by any book lover long in the business. "Our latest strategy is selling books to American universities for their CanLit courses."

If the avant-garde literary novel is becoming an endangered species, so is

the independent bookstore that still wants to sell them. Bill Roberts, past president of the Canadian Booksellers Association, went to L.A. recently on business and was asked what he did. "I'm a dinosaur," he said. "I run a general bookstore."

"I'm still trying to stock first novels," says John Richardson, co-owner of A Different Drummer Books, in Burlington, Ontario. He sounds a bit like a restaurant ownering, "No, our wine price won't go up." But it's hard. Our big sellers right now are regressive cookbooks. Fantasy is booming; children's books sell well and we could probably triple our travel section. Poetry? Forget it. I love the new Dore Greenback novel, *Glenn: Hm, but there's only about two or three customers I can really sell it to. It's the silver stuff that pays the light bills.*

Can a bookseller sell what he wants to and still survive? The answer in Canada is a simple, going-down-for-the-second-five "yes." Generally, book sales are healthy, the book market in Canada increased nearly 10 per cent in the 1977 season and Canadians bought about \$400 million worth of books. And if New York City continues as its five-year-old-of-Canada, Toronto, there are signs there that literary may soon be regarded as an elegant new skill—a form of intellectual racquetball for the middle class. Knowledgeable collectors of fiction will gather like antique rug dealers in stores where the dealers talk about the "value" of a good book.

Thus new overlap of literary taste and fashion can already be found on upper Hudson Avenue in New York, where Burt Britton and partner Jeanette Watson have opened Books & Co., in a city riddled with competitors. Britton only

Pomeroy and Chibbert (seated), Steinman: the new presence of the deal-maker



Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

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WINNERS

The National Magazine Awards Foundation congratulates the winners of awards for excellence in the second annual Magazine Awards program. Individual magazine writers, photographers, illustrators and art directors compete in sixteen awards categories and receive \$1,000 golden scroll awards or \$500 silver scroll awards for second place. This year there were 1,350 entries of work appearing in ninety-three Canadian magazines. The awards program is bilingual and was adjudicated by eighty-two English- or French-speaking judges from Charlottetown, P.E.I., to Victoria, B.C., assembled in specialized juries. The Directors of the Foundation also give awards for outstanding achievement each year by Canadian magazines.

The winners are:

University of Western Ontario President's Medal Awards for General Magazine Articles: Gold: Robert Collins, "Kosmos 954: The Spy That Fell From the Sky"; Reader's Digest, "La guerre des postes"; L'Actualité; Silver: Danielle Ouellet, "Un bon sur les bûches"; Québec Science; Sandra Gwyn, "L'été"; Saturday Night.

Toronto Dominion Bank Awards for Humour: James Baroque, "The Day the Queen Came to Menzies"; Harcourt's; Silver: Serge Langens, "L'art de faire bécotter"; Nour.

Mutual Life of Canada Awards for Business Writing: Ian Bowen, "The Empire that Timothy Bull"; Financial Post Magazine; Silver: David MacDonald, "La crise du chômage au Canada"; Sélection du Reader's Digest.

RBW Awards for Science and Technology: Michel Gaudin, "La baie James pour le meilleur et pour le pire"; Québec Science; Silver: Robert Collins, "Kosmos 954: The Spy That Fell From the Sky"; Reader's Digest.

McGraw Awards for Canadian Sports Writing: Ed McRae, "Coke on Ice"; The Canadian; Silver: Regan Tremblay, "Duckies Bowman et Mister Hyde"; L'Actualité.

Abbott Paper Awards for Pictorial: Marc Laurendeau, "Les vols éphémères d'octobre"; L'Actualité; Silver: Berot Aubin, "Le père Ryan ou la tentation du pouvoir"; L'Actualité.

Canada Packers Awards for Agriculture: Geoff Allen, "Calla Rosendy"; Horizons; Silver: Donna Barnett, "De Alexander Morrison, At Your Cord Service"; Horizons.

McClelland and Stewart Awards for Fiction: Gabrielle Roy, "The Satellite"; Tamarac Review; Silver: Perrine Dubé, "Les 60 ans de Lucienne Robitaille"; Châtaigne.

du Maurier Awards for Poetry: Sean Virgo, "Deathwatch on Shadegan Narrows"; Malabar Review; Silver: George Feliely, "Death of a Glitch Dance"; Canadian Forum.

Foundation Awards for Culture: George Woodcock, "Mirror of Narcissus"; Saturday Night; Silver: George-Hilbert Gervais, "Un gâcher sur ordonnance"; L'Actualité.

Air Canada Awards for Travel: Marc McDonald, "The Immovable First"; Toronto Life; Silver: Michael Bright, "The Second Great Leap"; Maclean's.

Seagram Awards for Magazine Illustration: Irvy Dawson, "Eve"; Weekend Magazine; Silver: Brian Dawson, "Alcoholics are Just Like You and Me"; Saturday Night.

Kodak Canada Awards for Studio Photography: Michel Pilon, "Tree No More"; Horizons; Silver: Gillen Proctor, "The 27-minute Economics Degree"; Quest.

Foundation Awards for Photojournalism: Anthony Blin, "Holland Marsh"; City Magazine; Silver: Stephen Horne, "Journey to Fudnik"; Horizons.

Allen R. Fleming/McLaren Awards for Art Direction: Robert Pines, "The Coke Campaign"; Weekend Magazine; Silver: George Harcourt, "Few are Chosen"; Horizons.

Bonnie Batten Awards for Magazine Covers: Robert Pines, "Self-Hat"; Weekend Magazine; Silver: James Lawrence, "Hydroponics"; Horizons.

Foundation Directors' Awards for Outstanding Achievement by a Canadian magazine in 1978: Maclean's magazine, Owl and Québec Science. Citation of merit: Canadian Business and Caplano Review.



Films

From the mouths of babes

ROCKY ROSE
Directed by Robert M. Young

Levy and Alvarado as allies, suggesting why today's relationships won't work

Before one distraction needs to be made. In the U.S., where chain stores account for 35 per cent of retail sales, independent bookstores still dominate. In Canada, the chain stores have cornered more than 80 per cent of the book trade. Could The Wall ever stand in Canada? Or in many places?

In 1965, novelist Malcolm Levy got a letter from his publisher, Jonathan Cape, who had liked the manuscript at his head, Clive R. Roberts. The first letter had liked it, but the second reader had criticised Levy, he felt, was "given to excessive word-spinning and too much stream-of-consciousness stuff." He noted admiringly, however, that the "Maclean local color was based on a knowledge of 'What you very much,' Levy wrote back, 'but if you will excuse my saying so, I do not help the local color, whatever that is, as in shewethis.'" His letter defending the length and structure of his novel was almost another novel in itself, and, in an argument that "there is something about the decay of the book that seems to tell me it just might go on selling a very long time" (high-flown stuff, from a non-bookbatter novelist to an editor-publisher. What would an editor say to "Under the Volcano" today? "Maclean's child? Here you go," I see Lee Murray cut in the corner.) Or a letter of rejection saying, "Personally, I would love to publish your admirable novel, but at this point in time it is not right for us." ☐

Before her parents tell her they are going to get divorced, 18-year-old Franny (Tina Alvarado) has napkins. Careful to provide the illusion that all is well, her father (John Lithgow) returns from sleeping elsewhere and creeps up the stairs very early in the morning. Franny makes extra in her copy of The Joy of Sex of the exact lines he returns. Up the stairs, he goes into her bedroom to look in on her. She pretends to be asleep.

The plot of divorce is always hanging around in Rocky Kids but Judith Ross's delicate and comic writing solves some of it for us. She gets at these direct emotional responses people have to divorce, at the same time adding these little afterthoughts that complicate those responses. This saves the movie—the sleeper of the season—from becoming a "problem" picture more apt being "sensitive" and "sensitive" in the worst way. Rocky Kids is a comedy that still manages to leave us.

Confused about whether her parents are splitting, and frightened by the possibility that they might actually do so, Franny forces an alliance with Julie (Jenny Lynch) whose parents have already divorced. A child of divorce, she points out the supports to her: "They'll ask to take you out to dinner at your favorite restaurant," he says, then tells her to pick a place she hates. It will be easier to throw up. They have long talks about what's happening around them, blow bubble gum, try to understand

their elders, try to seek. It's wonderful to watch and they're not cute for a moment.

Franny's mother (Kathryn Walker) explains that two people can live together only if they want to. "I want a son, intelligent, sexy, diverse like everybody else," she tells her lover, the family lawyer (David Selby), who reminds her, "We're all good people." "Then why are we all so f--- up?" she asks. She's as confused as Franny is. Julie's mother (Katherine MacLennan) has married a drunk and his father (Jerry Kwan) has become a swinger with a car-cum-cum. One stewardess gets a D-divorce. The rich kids' lives fall beautifully.

Less nice and so constant than MacLennan, Rocky Kids is the better movie when it comes to suggesting why relationships just won't work these days. Though the plot is too tightly tied together and the director's style isn't exciting (it doesn't stride on the material either), these are merely jingles on a beautiful adolescent's face. Tina Alvarado, so good in Runaways on Broadway, is beautiful and then some. Watch the way the talent. The New York rep actors are terrible too. When the father admits to getting a divorce, Franny asks him, "Did you love each other when you made it?" Of course, he says, and of course this is enough to leave her feelings. Rocky Kids has that same lingering power.

Lawrence O'Toole

Photography

The anatomy of ambiguity

By David Livingstone

The literal-mindedness that currently marks our culture—and displays itself diversely in seelies that spell out their wearers' names, paintings painstakingly made to look as if taken by a camera, a television series called *Real People* and a well-known Christianity that eyes nervousness and bleeding bowels—makes especially welcome any art given over to abstraction. Such are the photographs of Toronto psychiatrist Joel Walker, 50, of whose ambiguous color images are being exhibited at Nixon House in New York from Aug. 21 to Sept. 3. The show is called *See & Tell* and is billed as "An exhibition of evocative photographs and as infernal survey of the feelings they evoke."

When he started his practice in 1976, Walker wanted to create a warm environment in the room where he would meet his patients. He covered the walls in grasscloth and hung two prints made from slides he had shot. A homey, artistic touch soon evolved into a therapeutic tool. Walker recalls, "Patients would

come in and naturally go to something outside themselves. They'd talk about these pictures and as they began to talk about them I realized very quickly that they were talking about what they were feeling. The images were constructed enough that they would tend to project onto them, kind of their own parable, the way they perceived the world."

The exhibition at Nixon House, Walker's second solo show and first outside Toronto, is meant to gather a

larger sample of responses and, by inviting viewers to write down individual feelings and fantasies inspired by the images, to underline that there is no one prescribed way to react to art. Beneath each photograph are two boxes one labelled *Tell* it, containing cards labelled *Tell*, and another labelled *Leave* it where viewers deposit the cards.

The poster image (above) and skivvies making flowers: as Ambrose or a Bell?



Swirl of autumner (top), shoes: see and tell

on which they have recorded their reactions.

Fortunately, the artistic accomplishment of the work is not modified by the Gallup says Walker has chosen to attach to it. Alighting his camera with painterly ease, he has been able to turn two performers on skates into glittery, graceful fireworks. A diver in a leotard becomes a shadowy figure standing near on the edge of a more dangerous leap. Other images re-create the childish vision of looking through squinted eyes to see a world more indistinct and beautiful: a horse jumping in all scintillating pink and blue lines, just barely darkened by hooves, a swimmer in a fluid swirl of blue.

Walker didn't take up photography until 1975. After completing his psychiatric training, he decided upon a restorative six-month trip around the world. Using some literary earnings, he and his wife bought cameras to take along. Other than to say that the abstract effects are all achieved in the camera and that he jumps the idea of his slide film from 46 to 100, Walker prefers not to discuss the mechanics of his distinctive technique. "I'm interested in things that are universal and archetypal," he says. "I'm looking for an internal kind of energy. Whether a figure has two eyes and a nose is not so important." Now 53, Walker finds his livelihood and hobby mutually intertwined. As a doctor he earns enough to cover the expense of having slides printed or, in the case of the New York show (the fruits of a placement-pending trip to New York, portfolio in hand), to enlist the services of Burns, Cooper, Hyman, an outstanding Canadian design firm, to create a poster, press kit and other exhibition materials.

In discussing his photographs, Walker discourages literal interpretations and emphasizes the emotive qualities of color and form. Unlike Fleischbach blots, the photographs are not a diagnostic test, but in the therapeutic setting they do serve as a catalyst to bring out feelings and conflicts. The image on the exhibition poster, two curved forms joined and spreading in waves into the space around them, was thought by one of Walker's female patients to be the doctor and his wife in nude embrace. In fact, the picture is of another, and clothed, couple.

Nevertheless, Walker's images are photographs and it's difficult not to wonder what "reality" appeared before the shutter and was metamorphosed into pretty blues and repeated patterns. But the poetic achievement of the images makes such scientific inquiry seem Philistine—maybe even a little repressed. ◇



Going for the good stuff



It was almost midnight when Carrie Hunter reached the bottom of her "in" basket and unsnatched the telegram announcing another entry was on its way to the Banff International Festival of Films for Television—this one from Moscow. "Moscow, Idaho, I thought it myself," recalls Hunter, the festival's co-ordinator. "Then I saw it was signed by Soviet TV. I wanted to run down the street yelling, 'The Russians are coming, the Russians are coming!'" Instead, Hunter phoned Edmonton film-maker Phil Fraser with yet another confirmation that his brainworm, a television film festival, had made room into a major event.

Not only are the Soviets—traditionally oblivious to fest festivals—entering the Banff competition, but tv film-makers from Japan to Brazil flooded Hunter's mail with entries. There are submissions from every North American network as well as from Asia, South America, Australia, New Zealand and most European countries. Overwhelmed by more than 200 films, Hunter had to scramble at the last moment to organize a pre-screening committee to cut the competition in half. Running from Aug. 28 to Sept. 1 in Banff, the festival is not the only one of its kind (the Italians and the Swiss have held theirs), but is unique in accepting only made-for-television movies. Pictures what mainly on film, not videotaped, and in offering hard-cash prizes—\$1,000 for the best film in each of five categories and \$5,000 for the festival's best.

The TV festival grew out of the inter-

Festival organizers Fraser (left) and Hunter, a TV Games in the Rockies?

national film festival that Fraser (whose production credits include *Why Shoot the Teacher?*, *Maria Anna*) organized for the Commonwealth Games last year in Edmonton. Not even Fraser, however, anticipated such enthusiasm from the international film community. "TV is now responsible for hundreds and hundreds of hours of film that is aired one night and disappears forever," says Len Hill, ABC's vice-president of motion pictures for television. "The excitement of a festival such as this is that it allows us to evaluate, discuss and appreciate projects that would otherwise vanish." Hill also stresses the value of an international forum for a group otherwise progressively isolated. "Besides," he laughs, "Banff is pretty."

Gathering in the Rockies, the world's TV film-makers will take part in a series of workshops ranging from global finances and marketing, with former Paramount executive Bernard Dunnefield and J. Walter Rogers of the investment firm Nesbitt, Thannock, Bond, to film technology led by Len O'Donnell of Toronto's Film House. Costs of the festival, sponsored by New Western Film and Television Foundation, are being picked up by various levels of government and private donors.

Never a television fan herself, Hunter has discovered from screening the entries that *Lovering and Shirley* is set the final statement in television art. The films range from *The Cows & Grass*, starring Katharine Hepburn,

and *Friendly Fire*, from the U.S., about the fallout of Vietnam on the family of a soldier, to Italy's *Lapine* and *The Children Have Crossed the Seven Seas*, a film about the rescue of 1,600 Japanese war orphans which moved even the film-entertained organizers. "Fire can set and watched that one night," says Hunter, "and every one of them cried." Dave Hiltgen, *Edmonton Sea Service* and a member of the pre-screening panel, was impressed by the over-all quality. "I can't believe there is so much good stuff for TV. Why aren't we seeing it?"

Few members of the public will see this year's festival lineup. Although the screenings are open in Banff, Hunter admits none of these films will have theatrical release across Canada. "It would be nice to package the best and tour the country," she says, "but that's not the same with any festival." Still, several buyers have asked to attend this year and by next year a formal marketplace should be organized for international deal-making. With funding promised for three years and overwhelming international response, the festival organizers are confident of a smooth course. The optimists are even predicting the festival could set Banff on the road to becoming North America's TV Cannes. Still, this salute to all that is good in current television counts among its entries at least one dubious achievement—a two-hour version of *The Incredible Hulk*. **Suzanne Swanson**

Alan Polakophers in on vacation.

Carrington: First Class.



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